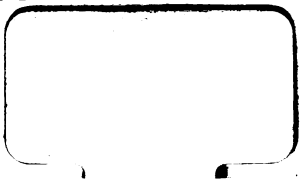
LITERATURE AND ART READERS

BOOK FOUR



LITERATURE AND ART BOOKS

BY

B. ELLEN BURKE

BOOK FOUR

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INTRODUCTION

To All to Whom it may Concern:

To place before the young a series of reading books that will contain noble and elevating thoughts, the best that has been enshrined in the literature of ages, is a task worthy of the wisest minds and of the grandest efforts. Whatever may be gleaned from the past that will contribute to the holy living of the present is, by right, the heritage of the young, the heirs and descendants of the long line of great and good who have gone to their reward.

A reading book is, or should be, a collection of the sayings and writings of the best men and noblest women. The young are asked "to think over again the thoughts of others"; they are asked to make those thoughts so much their own that they in turn will endeavor to aid in transmitting them to posterity. "Will this thought have a good effect on the soul of the reader?" "Will it inspire him to do better work, to have higher ideals, to develop his character more in accordance with the designs of the Creator?" These and other questions face the makers of reading books, and the test of the book's worth must be determined by its effect on the thoughts, words, and deeds of the readers.

READERS contains a number of literary selections and copies of pictures which express thoughts that will foster patriotism and the love of good and noble deeds. By patriotism is meant love of our own land and loyalty to the best interests of our own country, wherever that land or that country may be.

The German "Fatherland" is dear to the heart of the Germans; the sons and daughters of France love their own land; sunny Italy is full of beauty to the eyes of the Italians; Ireland's lakes and streams, history and customs, are loved by all those of Irish blood; the "Stars and Stripes" make the hearts of Americans thrill with love and loyalty. We might mention Canada's "Maple Leaf" and the "Beaver." Scotland's "Thistle," and the regard which is felt for each nation by those who call the land by the endearing title "Home."

Love of God and Heaven is the highest and holiest emotion of the heart; but love of home and country follows closely in the wake of the thoughts and deeds that make us worthy children of Heaven and loyal subjects of our Lord and King.

To the Pupils:

In BOOK FOUR OF THE BURKE LITERATURE AND ART READERS you will find a number of new words. Be sure that you learn their meaning and pronunciation. In many of the selections there are allusions to persons, places, and things, and to the literature that may be found in other books. You will need to learn the meaning of those allusions in order to understand and appreciate the thoughts contained in the articles you are reading. For example, when studying the first selection, "The Beggar at the Beautiful Gate," look up the exact location of Jerusalem and what is meant by the gates of a city. Learn when the miracle occurred which is mentioned in this selection, and in what book the record has been kept. How beautiful are the words which St. Peter said to the poor blind beggar, and how kind of the Apostles to notice the man who sat at the "Beautiful Gate."

In the poem, "The Ride of Collins Graves," by John Boyle O'Reilly, what is meant by risks of Sheridan and Paul Revere? What is meant by the expression,

"Who see
At their feet the gulf of Eternity?"

What is a "mill-stream," and what would widen a mill-stream? What is a "vale" and the "trend of the vale?"

Why is "The basin that nourished their happy homes" compared to a "demon?"

On page 112 begins the article, "Saint Catherine of Alexandria," by Eliza Allen Starr. In the first paragraph mention is made of "the Musæum" and the "Pharos." In the second paragraph we are told about the "god, Seraphis." Farther on we read of Socrates, Plato, and others.

To understand the charming account of Saint Catherine it will be necessary to understand the allusions. Miss Starr presents us first with a noble picture. What does she say about the sky, the Mediterranean Sea, the buildings? Notice how she reminds us of Saint Mark and by a few words suggests to us a series of pictures in the life of Saint Mark.

The two men walking, "side by side, the length of the noble portico," pleases us, puts life into the scene. Farther on we are told the names of those men, and also what they are saying.

By studying each selection with care and intelligence, you will learn to appreciate the beautiful messages the authors of the world have left for you. The understanding of one article will assist you in studying other articles.

Dr. Johnson, the English lexicographer, said: "The chief glory of every people arises from its authors." The chief work of reading is to learn about the glories of the past and how to use this information so as to make life broader, deeper, and holier.

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THE BEGGAR AT THE BEAUTIFUL GATE

A poor lame man was this Beggar who lived in Jerusalem. Some of his neighbors carried him each day to the gate called "Beautiful," where came the strangers who tarried in the city; and here they left him until the sun grew low in the west.

He was sad and sore distressed, and as he extended his hand for alms, many hurriedly dropped coins on his palm and hastened on.

One day Peter and John came by the way. They were conversing of Jesus and returning thanks because of all the favors which the Lord God had bestowed upon them. Suddenly their attention was directed to the lame beggar who sat by the "Beautiful Gate," and who, with hand extended and with eyes beseeching, seemed to beg of them an alms.

Peter turned to him and said, with voice of loving tenderness: "Silver and gold I have none, but what I have I give thee. In the name of Jesus of Nazareth, arise and walk."

Taking the beggar by the right hand, Peter raised him up on his feet. For a moment he stood, astonished; then he began to leap and walk, and then ran into the Temple, and, in a loud voice, praised God.

When the people saw him moving about and without halt or lameness, they were surprised; for they knew that

from the time of his birth he had been unable to walk; and they ran to the porch to see the Apostles Peter and John.

—*Adapted from the Bible, "Acts," c. 2.*

OUR FLAG

There are many flags in many lands,
  There are flags of every hue,
But there is no flag in any land
  Like our own Red, White, and Blue.
I know where the prettiest colors are,
  I'm sure, if I only knew
How to get them here, I could make a flag
  Of glorious Red, White, and Blue.

I would cut a piece from the evening sky
  Where the stars were shining through,
And use it just as it was on high
  For my stars and field of Blue.
Then I want a part of a fleecy cloud
  And some red from a rainbow bright,
And I'd put them together, side by side,
  For my stripes of Red and White.

Then "Hurrah for the Flag!" our country's flag,
  Its stripes and white stars, too;
There is no flag in any land
  Like our own "Red, White, and Blue."

—*Anon.*

THE NAMES OF OUR LADY

ADELAIDE A. PROCTER

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER, an English poet, was born in London, October 30, 1825; died in London, February 3, 1864. She was a daughter of the writer Bryan Waller Procter (Barry Cornwall). Her poetry is popular and some of her poems have been translated into several languages. Her first published articles appeared in a magazine edited by Charles Dickens. In the year 1851 she became a Catholic, and from that time on her writings show her bent of mind, the desire to do all things possible for God.

Through the wide world thy children raise
  Their prayers, and still we see
Calm are the nights and bright the days
  Of those who trust in thee.

Around thy starry crown are wreathed
  So many names divine;
Which is the dearest to my heart,
  And the most worthy thine?

Star of the Sea! we kneel and pray
  When tempests raise their voice;
Star of the Sea! the haven reached,
  We call thee and rejoice.

Help of the Christian! in our need
  Thy mighty aid we claim;

If we are faint and weary, then
We trust in that dear name.

Our Lady of the Rosary!
What name can be so sweet
As what we call thee when we place
Our chaplet at thy feet.

Bright Queen of Heaven! when we are sad
Best solace of our pains;—
It tells us, though on earth we toil,
Our Mother lives and reigns.

Our Lady of Mount Carmel! thus
Sometimes thy name is known;
It tells us of the badge we wear,
To live and die thine own.

Our Lady dear of Victories!
We see our faith oppressed,
And, praying for our erring land,
We love that name the best.

Refuge of Sinners! many a soul,
By guilt cast down, and sin,
Has learned through this dear name of thine
Pardon and peace to win.

Health of the Sick! when anxious hearts
Watch by the sufferer's bed,
On this sweet name of thine we lean,
Consoled and comforted.

Mother of Sorrows! many a heart
Half-broken by despair
Has laid its burden by the cross
And found a mother there.

Queen of all Saints! the Church appeals
For her loved dead to thee;
She knows they wait in patient pain
A bright eternity.

Fair Queen of Virgins! thy pure band,
The lilies round thy throne,
Love the dear title, which they bear,
Most that it is thine own.

True Queen of Martyrs! if we shrink
From want, or pain, or woe,
We think of the sharp sword that pierced
Thy heart, and call thee so.

Mary! the dearest name of all,
The holiest and the best;
The first low word that Jesus lisped
Laid on His mother's breast.

Mary! the name that Gabriel spoke,
The name that conquers hell;
Mary! the name that through high heaven
The angels love so well.

Mary! our comfort and our hope,—
O may that word be given
To be the last we sigh on earth,
The first we breathe in heaven.

* * *

SALUTE TO OUR FLAG

B. ELLEN BURKE

(This "salute" may be given by one pupil or by the whole class, in concert. Appropriate gestures should be used.)

Our Flag! May your folds ever wave on the breeze
As an emblem of peace on land and on seas.
A sign of our courage, the red of the dawn
Which flushes the sky at the day's early morn;
A symbol of loyalty, tender and true,
We take from the sky its own beautiful blue;
For purity, innocence, loyalty, right,
We've chosen the color most fitting—pure white!
What a story you tell to countries and climes!
What a lesson you teach to ages and times!
In your stars and your bars the whole world may see
You stand for a nation, the home of the free!

We salute you, dear Flag, with your red and white bars,
May your union * shine ever with glorious stars,
Your folds shelter freemen; as years roll along
May all nations and people learn liberty's song.
We promise you here that we'll always be true
And, if need be, we'll die for the "Red, White, and Blue."

* The *union* of the United States flag is the upper, inner corner; the rest of the flag is called the *fly*.

THE COURAGEOUS BOY

In England, one day, a farmer at work in his fields saw a party of huntsmen riding over his farm. He had a field in which the wheat was just coming up, and he was anxious that the gentlemen should not go into that, as the trampling of the horses and dogs would spoil the crop.

He sent one of his farm hands, a bright young boy, to shut the gate of that field and to keep guard over it. He told him that he must on no account permit the gate to be opened.

Scarcely had the boy reached the field and closed the gate when the huntsmen came galloping up and ordered him to open it. This the boy declined to do.

"Master," said he, "has ordered me to permit no one to pass through this gate, and I can neither open it myself nor allow any one else to do so."

First one gentleman threatened to whip him if he did not open it; then another offered him a sovereign; but all to no effect. The brave boy was neither to be frightened nor bribed.

Then a grand and stately gentleman came forward and said: "My boy, do you not know me? I am the Duke of Wellington—one not accustomed to be disobeyed; and I command you to open that gate, that I and my friends may pass."

The boy took off his hat to the great man whom all England delighted to honor, and answered:

"I am sure the Duke of Wellington would not wish me to disobey orders. I must keep this gate shut, nor permit any one to pass without my master's express permission."

The brave old warrior was greatly pleased at the boy's answer, and, lifting his own hat, he said:

"I honor the man or the boy who can neither be bribed nor frightened into doing wrong. With an army of such soldiers I could conquer, not only the French, but the whole world."

As the party galloped away, the boy ran off to his work, shouting at the top of his voice, "Hurrah! hurrah for the Duke of Wellington!"

Sow an act, and you reap a habit;
Sow a habit, and you reap a character;
Sow a character, and you reap a destiny.

What a world of gossip would be prevented if it were only remembered that a person who tells you of the faults of others intends to tell others of your faults.

Nothing is politically right that is morally wrong.

—*O'Connell.*

BARTOLOMÉ ESTEBAN MURILLO

Find on your maps Seville, in Spain. Here, in the year 1618, was born Murillo. How little the proud nobles of this city thought that one day the fame of the poor babe, born of humble parents and in lowly quarters, would be extended throughout the civilized world.

His parents died while he was a young boy, and left him not only penniless, but with a sickly sister dependent upon him for support.

From his earliest years he wanted to become a painter, but he had only crude materials with which to work and no suitable models to imitate. A cousin gave him a few lessons, and a friend, who had traveled, told him about the beautiful pictures in other cities.

His industry was remarkable, and after the death of his parents every penny he could save was carefully hoarded for a fund with which to support his sister. As soon as he had made arrangements for the care of his sister, he went to Madrid, where lived Velasquez, who was then famous as an artist.

Murillo presented himself to the great painter, judging that as he came from Seville, where Velasquez was born, the

artist would be kind to him. This generous artist received Murillo with kindness, and gave him assistance in many ways during the three years he studied and painted in Madrid.

Murillo returned to Seville, although his friends urged him to go to Italy to study.

The Franciscan monks, to whom the world owes many a debt for rich art treasures, gave him an order to decorate their monastery. His work for the good Franciscans in Seville attracted the attention of the whole city. Ever after the good monks had given him the opportunity to show the world what he could do, he never lacked orders for pictures.

He painted several pictures of the Blessed Virgin. The *Immaculate Conception*, in the Louvre, in Paris, is considered one of the most beautiful pictures in the world. His pictures of St. Anthony of Padua show that he had great devotion to this saint whom the holy Babe visited. He painted nine pictures of St. Anthony. One writer thus describes the picture in the cathedral at Seville:

"Kneeling near a table, the shaven, brown-frocked saint is surprised by a visit from the Infant Jesus, a charming naked Babe, who descends in a golden air of glory, walking the bright air as if it were the earth, while around Him floats and hovers a company of cherubs in a rich garland of graceful forms and lovely faces.

"Gazing up in rapture at this dazzling vision, the saint kneels, with arms outstretched, to receive the approaching Saviour. On the table at his side there is a vase of white

lilies, painted with such skill that birds wandering among the aisles have been seen attempting to perch on it and peck the flowers."

The many pictures painted by Murillo, and now found in cathedrals, monasteries, and art galleries, are of priceless value. A study of his pictures shows that the great artist's greatest works were those which represent his own favorite devotions.

GOD BLESS OUR STARS FOREVER

BENJAMIN F. TAYLOR

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN TAYLOR. Born at Lowville, N. Y., July 19, 1819; died in Cleveland, Ohio, February 24, 1887. He was a writer of prose and poetry, and a war correspondent. Some of his poems have been copied in periodicals all over the land.

"God bless our stars forever!"
Is the burden of the song,
Where the sail throughout the midnight
Is flickering along;
When a ribbon of blue heaven
Is gleaming through the clouds,
With a star or two upon it,
For the sailor in the shrouds.

"God bless our stars forever!"
It is Liberty's refrain,

From the snows of wild Nevada
To the sounding woods of Maine;
Where the green Multnomah wanders,
Where the Alabama rests,
Where the thunder shakes his turban
Over Alleghany's crests;

Where the mountains of New England
Mock Atlantic's stormy main,
Where God's palm imprints the prairie
With the type of Heaven again,—
Where the mirrored morn is dawning,
Link to link, our lakes along,
And Sacramento's "Golden Gate"
Swings open to the song.

Here, there! "Our stars forever!"
How it echoes! How it thrills!
Blot that banner? Why, they bore it
When no sunset bathed the hills.
Over Bunker see it billow,
At Bennington it waves,
Ticonderoga sleeps beneath,
And Saratoga's graves!

Oh! long ago at Lexington,
And above those minute-men,
The "Old Thirteen" were blazing bright—
There were only thirteen then!

God's own stars are gleaming through it,—
Stars not woven in its thread,
Unfurl it, and that flag will shine
With the heavens overhead.

Oh! it waved above the soldiers,
On the pinions of the prayer;
And it billowed o'er the battle,
On the surges of the air;
And the stars have risen on it,
Till the Eagle waits the sun,
And Freedom from her mountain-watch
Has counted "Thirty-one." *

When the weary years have halted
In the mighty march of Time,
And no new ones throng the threshold
Of the corridors sublime;
When the clarion call, "Close up!"
Rings along the line no more,
Then adieu, thou blessed Banner,
Then adieu, and not before.

Have more than thou showest,
Speak less than thou knowest,
Lend less than thou owest.

—*Shakespeare.*

* Since this poem was written fourteen stars have been added to the flag.

JOHN TRUMBULL'S PICTURES

The four pictures by John Trumbull, which are shown in this book, are in the rotunda of the capitol at Washington, D. C. In the picture "Signing the Declaration of Independence," John Hancock, the President of Congress, is seated at the table. In front of him, and standing, are Thomas Jefferson, John Adams, Benjamin Franklin, Robert L. Livingston, and Roger Sherman. Colonel John Trumbull was present when General Burgoyne surrendered. The sketch which was used for the picture, "The Surrender of General Burgoyne," was made at the time of the surrender. General Burgoyne is offering his sword to General Gates; General Phillips stands beside General Burgoyne.

In the picture "The Surrender of Lord Cornwallis at Yorktown," General Lincoln is conducting the British officers between the lines of American and French armies, who are drawn up to witness the surrender. The British are on foot and General Lincoln is riding a horse which had carried him on many a long march.

One of Trumbull's best pictures is "General Washington Resigning His Commission to Congress." Thomas Jefferson, James Monroe, and James Madison stand near Washington; a little distance back are Charles Carroll of Carrollton and his two daughters, and in the gallery is Mrs. Washington accompanied by her three grandchildren.

A BOY'S SONG

JAMES HOGG

JAMES HOGG. Born at Ettrick, Selkirkshire, Scotland, in 1770; died at Eltrive Lake, November 21, 1835. In early life he was a shepherd, and he is often called the "Ettrick Shepherd." His early advantages for aquiring an education were not good, but his perseverance conquered many difficulties and enabled him to obtain a good education. The kindness of Sir Walter Scott was a great encouragement to him. He published a number of poems and some prose productions of merit.

Where the pools are bright and deep,
Where the gray trout lies fast asleep,
Up the river, and o'er the lea,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the blackbird sings the latest,
Where the hawthorn blooms the sweetest,
Where the nestings chirp and flee,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the mowers mow the cleanest,
Where the hay lies thick and greenest;
There to trace the homeward bee,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the hazel bank is steepest,
Where the shadow falls the deepest,
Where the clustering nuts fall free,
That's the way for Billy and me

Why the boys should drive away
Little sweet maidens from the play,
Or love to banter and fight so well;
That's the thing I never could tell.

But this I know; I love to play,
Through the meadow, among the hay;
Up the water and o'er the lea,
That's the way for Billy and me.

* * *

TAKING POSSESSION OF THE NEW WORLD

The picture "Columbus Landing at San Salvador," by John Van der Lyn, is in the rotunda of the capitol at Washington. Columbus holds aloft the banner of Spain and takes possession of the new land for his sovereigns.

Compare the way Van der Lyn tells of the landing of Columbus with the picture of the same subject by Gregori. "Taking Possession of the New World," by Gregori, is a fresco on the wall of the main entrance hall of the University of Notre Dame, at Notre Dame, Indiana.

The picture of De Soto discovering the Mississippi, by William Powell, is another one of the eight large paintings in the rotunda of the nation's capitol. The two not found in this book are "The Baptism of Pocahontas," by John G. Chapman, and "The Embarkation of the Pilgrims at Delft," by Robert W. Weir.

MY COUNTRY

I love my country's pine-clad hills,
Her thousand bright and gushing rills,
  Her sunshine and her storms;
Her rough and rugged rocks that rear
Their hoary heads high in the air,
  In wild, fantastic forms.

I love her rivers, deep and wide,
Those mighty streams that seaward glide,
  To seek the ocean's breast;
Her smiling fields, her pleasant vales,
Her shady dells, her flowery dales,
  The haunts of peaceful rest.

I love her forests, dark and lone,
For there the wild bird's merry tone
  Is heard from morn till night;
And there are lovelier flowers, I ween,
Than e'er in eastern lands are seen,
  In varied colors bright.

Her forests and her valleys fair,
Her flowers that scent the morning air,
  Have all their charms for me;
But more I love my country's name,
These words that echo deathless fame—
  "The land of LIBERTY."

A WONDERFUL SHELL

ALFRED LORD TENNYSON

ALFRED TENNYSON, the greatest English poet of modern times, was born in Somersby, Lincolnshire, August 6, 1809, and died at Aldworth House, near Haslemere, Surrey, October 6, 1892. He was raised to the peerage in 1884, and was the first Lord Tennyson. He succeeded Wordsworth as poet laureate of England, and was much beloved by the whole nation. He has left a large number of poems, remarkable for their purity of thought and beauty of diction. His short poems are well known, and his longer poems are general favorites. "Idyls of the King," "The Princess," and "In Memoriam" are the best known of his long poems. He wrote dramas; one, "Queen Mary," has met with some favor.

See what a lovely shell,
Small and pure as a pearl,
Lying close to my foot.
Frail, but a work divine,
Made so fairly well
With delicate spire and whorl.
How exquisitely minute!
A miracle of design!
What is it? A learned man
Could give it a clumsy name.
Let him name it who can,
The beauty would be the same.

The tiny cell is forlorn,
Void of the little living will
That made it stir on the shore.
Did he stand at the diamond door
Of his house in a rainbow frill?
Did he push, when he was uncurled,
A golden foot or a fairy horn
Through his dim water-world?
Slight, to be crushed with a tap
Of my finger-nail on the sand;
Small, but a work divine;
Frail, but of force to withstand,
Year upon year, the shock
Of cataract seas that snap
The three-decker's oaken spine
Athwart the ledges of rock,
Here on the Breton strand!

* * *

A man has no more right to say an uncivil thing than to act one; no more right to say a rude thing to another than to knock him down.

—*Johnson.*

* * *

We should die like the stars—into day, not into night.

—*Austin O'Malley.*

FRANKLIN'S ARRIVAL IN PHILADELPHIA

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

I was in my working dress, my best clothes having to come by sea. I was dirty from my journey; my pockets were stuffed out with shirts and stockings, and I knew no soul, nor where to look for lodging. I was fatigued with traveling, rowing, and want of rest; I was very hungry, and my whole stock of cash consisted of a Dutch dollar and about a shilling in copper.

The latter I gave to the people of the boat for my passage, who at first refused it on account of my rowing; but I insisted on their taking it. A man is sometimes more generous when he has but little money than when he has plenty; perhaps through fear of being thought to have but little.

Then I walked up the street, gazing about, till near the market-house I met a boy with bread. I had made many a meal on bread, and, inquiring where he got it, I went immediately to the baker's to whom he directed me, in Second Street, and asked for biscuit, intending such as we had in Boston, but they, it seems, were not made in Philadelphia.

Then I asked for a three-penny loaf, and was told they had none such. So, not considering or knowing the difference of money and the greater cheapness, nor the names of

his bread, I bade him give me three-penny worth of any sort. He gave me, accordingly, three great puffy rolls.

I was surprised at the quantity, but took it, and, having no room in my pockets, walked off with a roll under each arm and eating the other. Thus I went up Market Street as far as Fourth Street, passing by the door of Mr. Read, my future wife's father; when she, standing at the door, saw me, and thought I made, as I certainly did, a most awkward and ridiculous appearance.

Then I turned and went down Chestnut Street and part of Walnut Street, eating my roll all the way, and, coming round, found myself at Market Street wharf, near the boat I came in, to which I went for a drink of the river water. Being filled with one of my rolls, I gave the other two to a woman and her child, who had come down the river in the boat with us, and were waiting to go farther.

Thus refreshed, I walked again up the street, which had by this time many clean-dressed people on it, who were all walking the same way. I joined them, and thereby was led into the great meeting-house of the Quakers, near the market.

I sat down among them, and, after looking around awhile and hearing nothing—being very tired through labor and want of rest the preceding night—I fell asleep and continued so till the meeting broke up, when some one was kind enough to rouse me. This was, therefore, the first house I was in, or slept in, in Philadelphia.

I believe I have omitted mentioning that, in my first

voyage from Boston, being becalmed off Block Island, our people set about catching cod, and hauled up a great many.

Hitherto I had stuck to my resolution of not eating animal food, and on this occasion I considered, with my master Tyron, the taking of every fish as a kind of unprovoked murder, since none of them had done or ever could do us any injury that might justify the slaughter.

All this seemed very reasonable. But I had formerly been a great lover of fish, and when this came hot out of the frying-pan it smelt admirably well. I hesitated some time between principle and inclination, till I recollected that when the fish were opened I saw smaller fish taken out of their stomachs; then thought I, "If you eat one another, I don't see why we may not eat you."

So I dined upon cod very heartily, and continued to eat with other people, returning only now and then occasionally to a vegetable diet. How convenient a thing it is to be a reasonable creature, since it enables one to find or make a reason for everything one has a mind to do.

* * *

He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.

—*Coleridge.*

HEROIC DEEDS

"Every word, look, or thought of sympathy with heroic action helps to make heroism."

CAPTAIN D'ASSAS

On the 15th of October, in 1760, the French army, which was assisting Austria in the war against Prussia, was encamped near Klostercamp.

Captain d'Assas, of the Auvergne regiment, was sent out to reconnoiter, and he moved cautiously in the direction where they feared the enemy might be, until he was some distance from his regiment.

Suddenly he found himself surrounded by a number of soldiers, whose bayonets pricked his breast, and a low whisper in his ear said, "Make the slightest noise and you are a dead man."

In a moment he understood all. The enemy were near, were advancing silently so as to surprise the French. He had only to keep quiet and his own life would be spared, but many of his friends and countrymen would be slain.

Only a moment for prayer, not indecision, and he shouted, "Auvergne! Here are the enemy!"

By the time the cry reached the ears of his men, he was dead; but his death had saved an army. The enemy retreated, knowing they could not conquer when the surprise failed.

At one time Robert Bruce, of Scotland, and a small army were in full retreat, followed by soldiers about three times their own number. A poor woman, the wife of one of the soldiers, became sick because of great fatigue and hardship.

Bruce heard of the woman's illness and called a halt to have her cared for properly so that her life might be spared.

A GENTLE AND BRAVE HEART

Charles V., Emperor of Germany, was an able ruler, a brave soldier, and a loyal friend. He knew no fear when the enemy was at the gates, and he was the leader wherever the danger was greatest.

One day, when on the battlefield, an officer reported to him that a swallow was building her nest upon his tent.

"Let her build it," he answered, "and see that no one disturbs her."

Soon the nest was finished, the inside made soft and warm and ready for the eggs. The building of a bird home had interested the Emperor, and each day he had watched the work. The time came for the army to march to another position. The mother-swallow was sitting on the eggs, out of which in a few days would come the little birdlings.

When the soldiers approached the Emperor's tent to remove it, Charles said: "Do not move my tent. These tender birds came to me for a home, and I shall not disturb them now when their brood will soon be with them."

The heart of the great Emperor was as gentle and tender as it was brave and true.

LIFT YOUR HATS, BOYS!

MARY SARSFIELD GILMORE

We deplore the "Age of Reason," that demands a human sign
To affirm the faith that sees not, yet believes the Word Divine.
We denounce the world as godless, and bewail Christ's slighted love;
But I think the angels chide us, as they gaze from skies above.
For a church has been my neighbor, and my outlook day by day,
Has been teaching me the lesson that faith has not died away!
And my proofs that modern Christians keep the fervent souls of yore,
Are the men whose hats are lifted, as they pass the church's door!

From the schoolboy with his satchel, to the old man with his cane;
From the rich man in his carriage, to the tramp that all disdain;
From the coal-cart's smutty driver, to the youth in fashions neat;
From the postman on his circuit, to the officer on beat;
From the child whose heart is spotless, to the man whom sins defile;

From the mourner bowed with sorrow, to the jester with his smile;
From the strong with life before him, to the weak whose span is o'er,—
One and all lift hats in homage, as they pass the church's door!

Now and then, a boy looks shamefaced and a blushing youth looks shy;
Here and there, a man lags backward till his comrades have passed by;
Or a timid hand is lowered ere it gains the hat-brim's height,—
For the laughter of the worldling puts the craven's faith to flight.
Yet the grace of God suffices nature's cowardice to shame,
And the "courage of conviction" is but Honor's better name!
For the human loves the loyal; and its glory bides in store
For the men whose hats are lifted, as they pass the church's door!

O, I think reward lurks even in the rev'rent action done!—
For the schoolboy's eyes are happy as he passes on a run;
And the rich man's face is softer, and the vagrant stands erect;
And the coal-cart driver whistles, and the dude gains self-respect,
And the postman's step is lighter, and the officer looks mild;
And the man of sin smiles gently on the sinless little child,
And the sad and glad seem kindred, who were aliens before;—
And the strong and weak are brothers, as they pass the church's door.

For the Captive of the chalice,—Peter's sacrificial Dove,—
Is the God of peace and concord, and the Christ of tender love.
And His gentle benediction rests upon His faithful own,
Who salute the world's Redeemer on His sacramental throne!
So the smile of the Good Shepherd speeds His flock upon Life's way,
Through the earthly shadows drifting toward the dawn of Heaven's day;
And though sin and sorrow menace, yet God's blessing hovers o'er
Boy and man whose hats are lifted, as they pass the church's door.

O, surviving sign of worship, mute acknowledgment of Christ
Present on the mystic altar of the Holy Eucharist!
By thy witness, Faith is victor; and its least and humblest sons
Are the noblest human heroes,—Christian Life's immortal ones!
Blessèd are the hands uplifted, be they palms of king or slave;
Blessèd are the manly foreheads bared and bowed in tribute brave;
"*Welcome to my Father's mansions*," Christ shall say, when life is o'er,—
To the men whose hats are lifted, as they pass the church's door!

THREE BRAVE YOUNG MEN

In the land of Babylon, between the Euphrates and the Tigris rivers, lived, long ago, Nabuchodonosor, the king of the whole province. Now this king desired more riches; so he summoned the captains of his army and ordered them to make war upon the countries west of Babylon, and to bring back gold and captives.

When the soldiers returned they brought to their king great quantities of gold and many captives. Among the latter were Jewish young men from the land of Judea.

Nabuchodonosor and his followers were pagans and knew not God; but the Jewish captives knew the law which God had given them, and they worshiped the one true God.

The Jewish young men were faithful in all which the king gave them to do, and they found favor in his eyes, and he made them rulers in his province. There were many among his people who were jealous of the three young men, Sidrach, Misach, and Abdenago.

Nabuchodonosor wished to make a new god for his people, for the pagan gods were things made by men. He ordered to be made a statue of gold, sixty cubits high and six cubits broad, and he set it up in the plain of Dura of the province of Babylon.

Then Nabuchodonosor, the King, called together the nobles, the magistrates, and the judges, the captains, the rulers, and governors, and all the chief men of the provinces, to come to the dedication of the statue which King Nabuchodonosor had set up.

The nobles, the magistrates, and the judges, the captains, the rulers, and the great men that were placed in authority, and all the princes of the provinces were gathered together to witness the dedication of the statue which King Nabuchodonosor had set up.

Then a herald cried with a strong voice: "To you it is commanded, O nations, tribes, and languages, that in the hour that you shall hear the sound of the trumpet, and of the flute, and of the harp, of the sackbut, and of the psaltery, and of the symphony, and of all kinds of music, ye fall down and adore the golden statue which King Nabuchodonosor hath set up; but if any man shall not fall down and adore, he shall the same hour be cast into a furnace of burning fire."

Upon this, therefore, at the time when all the people heard the sound of the trumpet, the flute, and the harp, of the sackbut, and the psaltery, of the symphony, and of all kinds of music, all the nations, tribes, and languages fell down and adored the golden statue which King Nabuchodonosor had set up.

Presently, at that very time, some Chaldeans came and accused the Jews, and said to King Nabuchodonosor:

"O king, live forever. Thou, O king, hast made a de-

cree that every man that shall hear the sound of the trumpet, the flute, and the harp, of the sackbut, and the psaltery, of the symphony, and of all kinds of music, shall prostrate himself and adore the golden statue; and that if any man shall not fall down and adore, he shall be cast into a furnace of burning fire.

"Now, there are certain Jews whom thou hast set over the works of the province of Babylon; Sidrach, Misach, and Abdenago; these men, O king, have slighted thy decree; they worship not thy gods, nor do they adore the golden statue which thou hast set up."

Then Nabuchodonosor, in fury and in wrath, commanded that Sidrach, Misach, and Abdenago should be brought, who immediately were brought before the king.

Nabuchodonosor, the King, spoke to them, and said: "Is it true, O Sidrach, Misach, and Abdenago, that you do not worship my gods, nor adore the golden statue that I have set up?"

As the king looked at the three fair young men, whom he knew were noble and true, his heart relented, and, without giving them time to reply, he went on talking to them. He told them he would give them another chance; that again all the music should be heard, and that at the first sound they should prostrate themselves before the golden statue and adore. "But," said the king, and his voice grew stern, "if you do not adore, you shall be cast the same hour into the furnace of burning fire; and who is the God that shall deliver you out of my hand?"

The enemies of the young men who were among the crowd looked at one another as if to say, "We shall see them burn"; but there were many sad faces, for the good youths had friends among the multitude.

Sidrach, Misach, and Abdenago did not wait for the music, but said in respectful and firm tones: "We have no occasion to answer thee concerning this matter. Behold our God, whom we worship, is able to save us from the furnace of burning fire, and to deliver us out of thy hands, O king. But if He will not, be it known unto thee, O king, that we will not worship thy gods, nor adore the golden statue which thou hast set up."

Then was Nabuchodonosor filled with fury; and the countenance of his face was changed against Sidrach, Misach, and Abdenago, and he commanded that the furnace should be heated seven times more than it had been accustomed to be heated. He ordered the strongest men that were in his army to bind the feet of Sidrach, Misach, and Abdenago, and to cast them into the furnace of burning fire.

Immediately these men were bound and were cast into the furnace of burning fire, with their coats and their caps and their shoes and their garments. The flames of the fire burned the men who cast the three into the furnace, but Sidrach, Misach, and Abdenago walked in the midst of the flames and sang praises to God. One said:

"Blessed art Thou, O Lord, the God of our fathers, and Thy name is worthy of praise, and glorious forever." Many

more songs of praise and thanksgiving sang the three in the furnace.

So hot were the flames that some of the Chaldeans coming near were burned. An Angel of the Lord came down and stood beside the three young men. He drove the flames out, and he fanned the furnace until it became as if cooled by an evening breeze. Then the three sang out with even greater joy, and gave to God all honor and glory. Never before was heard so grand a song of praise.

"Blessed art Thou, O Lord, the God of our fathers, and worthy to be praised and glorified and exalted above all forever; and blessed is the holy name of Thy glory, and worthy to be praised, and exalted above all in all ages.

"Blessed art Thou in the holy temple of Thy glory; and exceedingly to be praised, and exceeding glorious forever.

"Blessed art Thou on the throne of Thy kingdom, and exceedingly to be praised, and exalted above all forever.

"Blessed art Thou, that beholdest the depths, and sittest upon the cherubims; and worthy to be praised and exalted above all forever.

"Blessed art Thou in the firmament of heaven; and worthy of praise, and glorious forever.

"All ye works of the Lord, bless the Lord,
Praise and exalt Him above all forever.

"O ye Angels of the Lord, bless the Lord,
Praise and exalt Him above all forever.

"O ye heavens, bless the Lord,
Praise and exalt Him above all forever.

"O all ye waters that are above the heavens, bless the Lord
Praise and exalt Him above all forever.

"O all ye powers of the Lord, bless the Lord,
Praise and exalt Him above all forever.

"O ye sun and moon, bless the Lord,
Praise and exalt Him above all forever.

"O ye stars of heaven, bless the Lord,
Praise and exalt Him over all forever.

"O every shower and dew, bless ye the Lord.
Praise and exalt Him above all forever.

"O all ye spirits of God, bless the Lord,
Praise and exalt Him above all forever.

"O ye fire and heat, bless the Lord,
Praise and exalt Him above all forever.

"O ye cold and heat, bless the Lord,
Praise and exalt Him above all forever.

"O ye dews and hoar frost, bless the Lord,
Praise and exalt Him above all forever.

"O ye frost and cold, bless the Lord,
Praise and exalt Him above all forever.

"O ye ice and snow, bless the Lord,
Praise and exalt Him above all forever.

"O ye nights and days, bless the Lord,
Praise and exalt Him above all forever.

"O ye light and darkness, bless the Lord,
Praise and exalt Him above all forever.

"O ye lightnings and clouds, bless the Lord,
Praise and exalt Him above all forever.

"O let the earth bless the Lord;
Let it praise and exalt Him above all forever.

"O ye mountains and hills, bless the Lord,
Praise and exalt Him above all forever.

"O all ye things that spring up in the earth, bless the Lord,
Praise and exalt Him above all forever.

"O ye fountains, bless the Lord,
Praise and exalt Him above all forever.

"O ye seas and rivers, bless the Lord,
Praise and exalt Him above all forever.

"O ye whales, and all that move in the waters, bless the Lord,
Praise and exalt Him above all forever.

"O all ye fowls of the air, bless the Lord,
Praise and exalt Him above all forever.

"O all ye beasts and cattle, bless the Lord,
Praise and exalt Him above all forever.

"O ye sons of men, bless the Lord,
Praise and exalt Him above all forever.

"O let Israel bless the Lord,
Let him praise and exalt Him above all forever.

"O ye priests of the Lord, bless the Lord,
Praise and exalt Him above all forever.

"O ye servants of the Lord, bless the Lord,
Praise and exalt Him above all forever.

"O ye spirits and souls of the just, bless the Lord,
Praise and exalt Him above all forever.

"O ye holy and humble of heart, bless the Lord,
Praise and exalt Him above all forever.

"O Ananias, Azarias, and Misael,* bless ye the Lord;
Praise and exalt Him above all forever. For He hath delivered us out of hell, and saved us out of the hand of death, and delivered us out of the burning flame, and saved us out of the midst of fire.

"O give thanks to the Lord, because He is good;
Because His mercy endureth forever and ever.

"O all ye religious, bless the Lord, the God of gods;
Praise Him and give Him thanks, because His mercy endureth forever and ever."

Then Nabuchodonosor the King was astonished, and rose up in haste, and said to his nobles: "Did we not cast three men bound into the midst of fire?"

They answered the king, and said: "True, O king."

He answered and said: "Behold, I see four men loose,

*In Judea, the three young men were called Ananias, Azarias, and Misael; but in Babylon they were known by the names Sidrach, Misach, and Abdenago.

and walking in the midst of the fire, and there is no hurt in them, and the form of the fourth is like the Son of God."

Then Nabuchodonosor came to the door of the burning fiery furnace, and said: "Sidrach, Misach, and Abdenago, ye servants of the most high God, go ye forth, and come." And immediately Sidrach, Misach, and Abdenago went out from the midst of the fire.

And the nobles, and the magistrates, and the judges, and the great men of the king being gathered together, considered these men, that the fire had no power on their bodies, and that not a hair of their head had been singed, nor their garments altered, nor the smell of the fire had passed on them.

Then Nabuchodonosor, breaking forth, said: "Blessed be the God of them, to wit, of Sidrach, Misach, and Abdenago, who hath sent His Angel, and delivered His servants that believed in Him; and they changed the king's word, and delivered up their bodies that they might not serve nor adore any God, except their own God.

"By me therefore this decree is made, that every people, tribe, and tongue, which shall speak blasphemy against the God of Sidrach, Misach, and Abdenago, shall be destroyed, and their houses laid waste: for there is no other God that can save in this manner."

Then the king promoted Sidrach, Misach, and Abdenago in the province of Babylon.

—Adapted from the Book of Daniel.

ST. MARTIN AND THE BEGGAR

MARGARET E. SANGSTER

MARGARET SANGSTER, an editor and poet, was born in New Rochelle, New York, February 22, 1838. She received her early education at Vienna, and when very young displayed considerable literary talent. About 1872, her poems entitled "Elizabeth, Aged Nine" and "Are the Children at Home?" were first published. At different times she has been connected with *Hearth and Home*, *Christian Intelligencer*, *Christian at Work*, *Harper's Young People*, and, in 1889, she succeeded Mary L. Booth as editor of *Harper's Bazar*. Her chief works are "Poems for the Household"; "Home Fairies and Heart Flowers"; and "Twenty Studies of Children's Heads with Floral Embellishments."

In the freezing cold and the blinding snow
Of a wintry eve in the long ago,
Folding his cloak o'er clanking mail,
A soldier is fighting the angry gale
Inch by inch in the camp-fire's light,
Star of his longing this wintry night.

All in a moment his path is barred;
He draws his sword as he stands on guard.
But who is this with a wan, white face,
And piteous hands upheld for grace?
Tenderly bending, the soldier bold
Raises a beggar faint and cold.

Famished he seems, and almost spent,
The rags that cover him worn and rent.

Crust nor coin can the soldier find;
Never his wallet with gold is lined;
But his soul is sad at the sight of pain,
The sufferer's pleading is not in vain.

His mantle of fur is broad and warm,
Armor of proof against a storm.
He snatches it off without a word;
One downward pass of the gleaming sword,
And cleft in twain at his feet it lies,
And the storm-wind howls 'neath the frowning skies.

"Half for thee"—and with tender art
He gathers the cloak round the beggar's heart—
"And half for me"; and with jocund song
In the teeth of the tempest he strides along,
Daring the worst of the sleet and snow,
That brave young spirit of long ago.

Lo! as he slept at midnight's prime,
His tent had the glory of summer time;
Shining out of a wondrous light,
The Lord Christ beamed on his dazzled sight!
"I was a beggar," the Lord Christ said,
As He stood by the soldier's lowly bed.
"Half of thy garment thou gavest Me;
With the blessing of heaven I dower thee."
And Martin rose from the hallowed tryst,
Soldier and servant and knight of Christ.

COLUMBIA

DAVID T. SHAW

Oh, Columbia, the gem of the ocean,
The home of the brave and the free,
The shrine of each patriot's devotion,
A world offers homage to thee.
Thy mandates make heroes assemble,
When Liberty's form stands in view;
Thy banners make tyranny tremble,
When borne by the red, white, and blue.

When war winged its wide desolation,
And threatened the land to deform,
The ark, then, of freedom's foundation,
Columbia, rode safe through the storm;
With her garlands of victory around her,
When so safely she bore her brave crew,
With her flag floating proudly before her,
The boast of the red, white, and blue.

The star-spangled banner bring hither,
O'er Columbia's sons let it wave;
May the wreaths they have won never wither,
Nor its stars cease to shine on the brave.
May the service united ne'er sever,
But they still to their colors prove true.
The army and navy forever,
Three cheers for the red, white, and blue!

NOAH WEBSTER AND THE COUNTRY BOY

Many years ago, the great lexicographer, Noah Webster, was passing through the eastern part of New York, on horseback, to visit a brother who lived in Madison County.

When he had reached the town where his brother resided, he met a boy going to school; and the following conversation passed between them:

"My son," said the learned Doctor, "do you know where Mr. Webster lives?"

"Yes, sir; and you are a relation of his?"

"Yes."

"Well, it can't be that you are the man that made the spelling-book, can it?"

"Yes."

"Oh, now!" rejoined the boy, as he gazed with awe-struck wonder upon the venerable Doctor, "that—that's a fish-story."

The old gentleman often told about this incident, and said it was one of the most pleasing reminiscences of a long journey on horseback.

* * *

Habit, if not resisted, soon becomes a necessity.

—*St. Augustine.*

VISION OF THE MONK GABRIEL

ELEANOR C. DONNELLY

ELEANOR CECELIA DONNELLY, an American author, was born in Philadelphia where she still resides. When only nine years of age she wrote a hymn to the Madonna. She has contributed to many of the periodicals of the day, Catholic and non-Catholic, and has published a number of books, among which are: "Life of Rev. Felix Barbelin"; "Pearls from the Casket of the Sacred Heart"; "Liguori Leaflets"; "Out of Sweet Solitude"; "Domus Dei"; "Crown of Stars"; "Children of the Golden Sheaf and Other Poems"; "Our Birthday Bouquet"; "Little Compliments of the Season."

For many years she was editor of the magazine *Our Lady of Good Counsel.*

'Tis the soft twilight. Round the shining fender,
  Two at my feet and one upon my knee,
Dreamy-eyed Elsie, bright-lipped Isabel,
And thou, my golden-headed Raphael,
  My fairy, small and slender,
    Listen to what befell
    Monk Gabriel,
  In the old ages ripe with mystery,
Listen, my darlings, to the legend tender.

A bearded man, with grave but gentle look,
  His silence sweet with sounds

With which the simple-hearted spring abounds:
Lowing of cattle from the abbey grounds,
Chirping of insect and the building rook,
Mingled like murmurs of a dreaming shell;
Quaint tracery of bird and branch and brook
Flitting across the pages of his book,
Until the very words a freshness took—
Deep in his cell
Sat the Monk Gabriel.

In his book he read
The words the Master to His dear ones said:
"A little while and ye
Shall see,
Shall gaze on Me;
A little while again
Ye shall not see Me then."

"A little while!"
The monk looked up, a smile
Making his visage brilliant, liquid-eyed:
"O Thou, who gracious art
Unto the poor of heart,
O blessed Christ!" he cried,
"Great is the misery
Of mine iniquity;
But would I now might see,
Might feast on Thee!"

The blood with sudden start,
Nigh rent his veins apart—
(O condescension of the Crucified!)
In all the brilliancy
Of His humanity
The Christ stood by his side!

Pure as the early lily was His skin;
His cheek outblushed the rose,
His lips, the glows
Of autumn sunset on eternal snows;
And His deep eyes within
Such nameless beauties, wondrous glories dwelt,
The Monk in speechless adoration knelt.

In each fair hand, on each fair foot, there shone
The peerless stars He took from Calvary;
Around His brows in tenderest lucency
The thorn-marks lingered, like the flush of dawn;
And from the opening in His side there rilled
A light, so dazzling that the room was filled
With heaven; and, transfigured in his place—
His very breathing stilled—
The friar held his robe before his face,
And heard the angels singing!
'Twas but a moment; then, upon the spell
Of that sweet Presence, lo! a something broke,
A something, trembling, in the belfry woke,

A shower of metal music flinging
O'er wold and moat, o'er park and lake and fell;
And, through the open window of the cell,
In silver chimes came ringing.

It was the bell
Calling Monk Gabriel
Unto his daily task,
To feed the paupers at the abbey gate.
No respite did he ask,
Nor for a second summons idly wait;
But rose up, saying, in his humble way:
"Fain would I stay,
O Lord! and feast alway
Upon the honeyed sweetness of Thy beauty.
But 'tis Thy will, not mine, I must obey;
Help me to do my duty!"
The while the Vision smiled,
The Monk went forth, light-hearted as a child.

An hour thence, his duty nobly done,
Back to his cell he came.
Unasked, unsought, lo! his reward was won.
Rafters and walls and floor were yet aflame
With all the matchless glory of that Sun,
And in the center stood the Blessèd One,
(Praised be His holy name!)
Who for our sakes our crosses made His own
And bore our weight of shame!

Down on the threshold fell
Monk Gabriel,
His forehead pressed upon the floor of clay;
And, while in deep humility he lay,
Tears raining from his happy eyes away,
"Whence is this favor, Lord?" he strove to say.
The Vision only said,
Lifting Its shining head:
"If thou hadst stayed, O son, I must have fled!"

* * *

Never borrow if you can possibly avoid it. Be just before you are generous. Keep yourself innocent, if you would be happy. Save while you are young, to spend when you are old.

* * *

More souls are won for Jesus Christ by saintly conduct than by argument.

—*Alexander Maclaren.*

* * *

Oh, many a shaft at random sent,
Finds mark the archer little meant!
And many a word at random spoken
May soothe or wound a heart that's broken.

—*Scott.*

THE STRANGE MECHANIC

The following anecdote is related of Gilbert Stuart, an American artist. He was at an inn where he intended remaining over night, and his companions were desirous, by putting roundabout questions, to find out his calling or profession.

Stuart answered, with a grave face and serious tone, that he sometimes dressed gentlemen's and ladies' hair. At that time, high-cropped, pomatumed hair was all the fashion.

"Then you are a hair-dresser?" asked one.

"What!" said he; "do I look like a barber?"

"I beg your pardon, sir; but I inferred it from what you said. If I mistook you, may I take the liberty to ask what you are, then?"

"Why," said Stuart, "I sometimes brush a gentleman's coat or hat, and sometimes adjust a cravat."

"Oh, you are a valet, then, to some nobleman?"

"A valet! Indeed, sir, I am not. I am not a servant. To be sure I make coats and waistcoats for gentlemen."

"Oh, you are a tailor?"

"A tailor! Do I look like a tailor? I assure you I never handled a goose, except a roasted one."

By this time the company were all in a roar. "What are you, then?" said one.

"I'll tell you," said Stuart. "Be assured, all I have said is literally true. I dress hair, brush hats and coats, adjust a

cravat, and make coats and waistcoats, and likewise boots and shoes at your service."

"O, ho! a boot and shoe maker, after all."

"Guess again, gentlemen. I never handled boot or shoe but for my own feet and legs; yet all I have told you is true."

"We may as well give up guessing."

"Well, then, I will tell you, upon my honor as a gentleman, my real profession. I get my bread by making faces."

He then changed his countenance, and twisted his face in a manner such as Samuel Foote or Charles Matthews might have envied.

His companions, after long peals of laughter, each took credit to himself for having suspected that the gentleman belonged to the theater; and they all knew he must be a comedian by profession, when, to their utter astonishment, he assured them he was never on the stage, and very rarely saw the inside of a playhouse or any similar place of amusement.

They all now looked at one another in utter amazement. Before parting, Stuart said to his companions: "Gentlemen, you will find that all I have said of my various employments is comprised in these few words, *I am a portrait painter!*

"If you will call at John Palmer's, York Buildings, London, I shall be ready and willing to brush your coat or hat, dress your hair, supply you, if need be, with a wig of any fashion or dimensions, accommodate you with boots or shoes, give you ruffles or a cravat, and make faces for you."

ONE OF GOD'S LITTLE HEROES

MARGARET J. PRESTON

MARGARET J. PRESTON was born in Virginia, in 1825, and died in 1897. She was a poet and prose writer. Some of her chief works are: "For Love's Sake"; "The Young Ruler's Question"; "Colonial Ballads"; and "Silverwood," a novel.

The patter of feet was on the stair,
As the Editor turned in his sanctum chair,
And said—for weary the day had been—
"Don't let another intruder in."

But scarce had he uttered the words, before
A face peered in at the half-closed door,
And a child sobbed out: "Sir, mother said
I should come and tell you that Dan is dead!"

"And pray who is 'Dan'?" The streaming eyes
Looked questioning up, with a strange surprise:
"Not know him? Why, sir, all day he sold
The papers you print, through wet and cold.

"The newsboys say that they could not tell
The reason his stock went off so well.
I knew!—With his voice so sweet and low,
Could any one bear to say him 'No'?

"And the money he made, whatever it be,
He carried straight home to mother and me;
No matter about his rags, he said,
If only he kept us clothed and fed.

"And he did it, sir, trudging through rain and cold,
Nor stopped till the last of his sheets were sold.
But he's dead—he's dead! and we miss him so!
And mother—she thought you might like to know."

In the paper next morning as "leader" ran
A paragraph thus: "The newsboy, Dan,
One of God's little heroes, who
Did nobly the duty he had to do—
For mother and sister earning bread,
By patient endurance and toil—is dead."

ONE OF THE HEROES

EBEN E. REXFORD

Hark! through the wild night's darkness rings out a terrible cry,
And the woman shudders to hear it in the room up close to the sky;
"Fire!" in accents of terror, and voices the cry repeat,
And the fire-bells join in the clamor out in the stormy street.

"God grant we are safe, my darling!" she says to the child in her arms,
While the voices far down in the darkness add to the bell's alarms;
Then she thinks of the two little children who are sleeping peacefully near,
And "God pity the people in danger!" she adds with a thrill of fear.

The voices ring louder and louder. She hears the swift tread of feet
And the sound of engines rumbling below in the stormy street.
"It must be the fire is near us!" She listens, a step on the stair,
Then the door is flung wide, and beyond it she sees the red flames' glare!

"Give me the child!" cries the fireman. "There's not a moment to spare!"
The flames like a glittering serpent are writhing up the stair.
"No, I will carry my baby!" and then she points to the bed
Where the light from the hall shines brightly over a golden head.

One little head on the pillow—one only—the fireman sees,
With flossy curls stirring about it in the breath of the fiery breeze.
He lifts the child, while the other is cuddled away from sight,
And springs down the stair where the flame-hounds snarl after their prey in its flight.

On, on, through the fire that leaps round him as a swimmer breasts the wave,
Scorched and blind and breathless, to find escape or a grave!
On through the fiery whirlpool till at last he gains the street,
Thank God! and lays down his burden safe at the mother's feet.

"One! only one?" she cries wildly. "You have left the other to die!"
Oh, the terrible, terrible anguish that rings in the mother's cry!
"I will save you, my child, or die with you!" and maddened by love's despair,
She puts her babe from her bosom, and springs toward the flame-wreathed stair.

"You shall not go!" he tells her, and holds her back from death;
"I left your child—I will save it—if I can." Then catching his breath
For the terrible task before him, he leaps up the lurid way.
"God help him!" the awed crowd whispers. "He goes to his death," they say.

Moments that seem like ages go by and he comes not back.
The flames leap higher and higher; the frail walls sway and crack.
"Oh, my lost little child!" cries the mother, forgetting the babes at her breast.
In this moment of awful anguish she loveth the lost child best.

Up from the crowd, all breathless with hope and doubt and fear,
Goes a cry: "Thank God, he's coming with the child!" and cheer on cheer
Rings through the night, blending strangely with the wind and the wild flames' roar,
As out of the tottering building the fireman springs once more.

Straight to the mother he staggers with the rescued child, and cries:
"I left him, and I have saved him!" and the hero looks out of his eyes;

Then he falls at her feet; they crowd round him, and lift his drooping head.

"I—saved—the—child," he whispers—a gasp—and the hero is dead.

MAXIMS TO GUIDE THE YOUNG

Keep good company or none. Never be idle. If your hands cannot be usefully employed, attend to the cultivation of your mind.

Always speak the truth. Make few promises. Live up to your engagements. When you speak to a person, look him in the face.

Good company and good conversation are the very sinews of virtue. Good character is above all things else. Never listen to loose or idle conversation. You had better be poisoned in your blood than in your principles.

Your character cannot be essentially injured except by your own acts. If any one should speak evil of you, let your life be so virtuous that none will believe him.

SAINT JEROME AND THE LION

In Raphael's beautiful picture, "The Madonna of the Fish," Saint Jerome appears at the left of the Blessed Virgin. He is represented reading from a large book, and at his feet reposes a lion.

From the life of Saint Jerome we learn that he was a lover of learning, and that he gave many years of his life to the study of the Sacred Scriptures. As he was born about the year 342, he lived at an age not far distant from the one that saw the birth of our Lord and witnessed His death on Calvary.

The more he studied and meditated on the life of our Lord, the more he loved Him. Bethlehem, the birthplace of Jesus Christ, had great attractions for him, and after a time he went there to live, to be in the place so dear to all who love the Lord. Other holy men came to dwell with him, and all their days they worked, studied, prayed, and served God. He gathered together all the parts of the Bible and translated them into Latin, which was then the language of many of the Christians. This translation is called the "Vulgate," and is now in the Vatican at Rome.

One evening Saint Jerome and his companions were watching the various colors of the western sky as the sun was sinking in crimson glory, when they saw a large lion walking toward the door of the monastery. The brethren who were with Saint Jerome fled in terror, but the Saint

arose and looked kindly at the strange visitor. As the lion came nearer, the Saint saw that he was lame, and the heart of the good man was filled with pity for the dumb animal's sufferings.

The lion came near Saint Jerome, and raising his paw, extended it and showed a thorn which had penetrated deep into the foot. The inflammation indicated that the animal had been suffering for some days.

Saint Jerome saw the cause of the lion's lameness and suffering, and carefully removing the thorn, he cleansed the wound and put on it a soothing salve which gave the animal relief.

Ever after the grateful animal showed almost human love for the Saint. He remained with him at the monastery and would not return to his companions of the forest. When the Saint went out from the house, the lion walked beside him. At first the people feared the animal, and when they saw Saint Jerome and his strange companion walking around Bethlehem, they ran far off or shut themselves in their houses. They soon noticed how docile the animal was to the Saint, and they no longer ran away; even the children approached him without fear.

There are other pictures than the one by Raphael, in which the lion appears as the companion of Saint Jerome. Titian represents the lion, with an almost human face, lying at the feet of the Saint, who is praying before a crucifix. In Domenichino's famous picture, "The Last Communion of Saint Jerome," we find the lion crouched beside the dying Saint.

THE RIDE OF COLLINS GRAVES

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY

J. B. O'REILLY

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY, an Irish journalist and poet, was born at Dowth Castle, County Meath, Ireland, June 28, 1844, and died at Hull, Massachusetts, August 10, 1890. His literary work was done chiefly in America, and he is claimed as one of the gifted authors of America. He enlisted in the Tenth Hussars in Ireland in 1863, and was sentenced to death, in 1866, on the charge of high treason. The sentence was commuted to twenty years penal servitude. In 1869, after having spent one year at the penal colony in Australia, he escaped to the United States. The next year he secured employment on the Boston *Pilot*, and in 1874 became editor-in-chief. He wrote "Songs from the Southern Seas," "The Statues in the Block," "Songs, Legends, and Ballads," and "Moondyne."

No song of a soldier riding down
To the raging fight from Winchester town;
No song of a time that shook the earth
With the nation's throe at the nation's birth;
But the song of a brave man free from fear
As Sheridan's self or Paul Revere;
Who risked what they risked, free from strife,
And its promise of glorious pay—his life!

The peaceful valley has waked and stirred,
And the answering echoes of life are heard;

The dew still clings to the trees and grass,
And the early toilers smiling pass,
As they glance aside at the white-walled homes,
Or up the valley, where merrily comes
The brook that sparkles in diamond rills
As the sun comes over the Hampshire hills.

What was it that passed like an ominous breath—
Like a shiver of fear, or a touch of death?
What was it? The valley is peaceful still,
And the leaves are afire on top of the hill.
It was not a sound—nor thing of sense—
But a pain, like the pang of the short suspense
That thrills the being of those who see
At their feet the gulf of Eternity!

The air of the valley has felt the chill;
The workers pause at the door of the mill;
The housewife, keen to the shivering air,
Arrests her foot on the cottage stair,
Instinctive taught by the mother-love,
And thinks of the sleeping ones above.

Why start the listeners? Why does the course
Of the mill-stream widen? Is it a horse—
Hark to the sound of his hoofs, they say—
That gallops so wildly Williamsburg way?

Ah! what was that like a human shriek
From the winding valley? Will nobody speak?
Will nobody answer those women who cry
As the awful warnings thunder by?
Whence came they? Listen! And now they hear
The sound of the galloping horse-hoofs near:
They watch the trend of the vale, and see
The rider who thunders so menacingly,
With waving arms and warning scream
To the house-filled banks of the valley stream.

He draws no rein, but he shakes the street
With a shout and the ring of the galloping feet;
And this is the cry he flings to the wind:
"To the hills for your lives! The flood is behind!"
He cries and is gone; but they know the worst—
The breast of the Williamsburg dam has burst!
The basin that nourished their happy homes
Is changed to a demon. It comes! It comes!

A monster in aspect with shaggy front
Of shattered dwellings, to take the brunt
Of the homes they shatter—white-maned and hoarse
The merciless terror fills the course
Of the narrow valley, and rushing raves
With Death on the first of its hissing waves,
Till cottage and street and crowded mill
Are crumbled and crushed.

But onward still,
In front of the roaring flood is heard
The galloping horse and the warning word.
Thank God! The brave man's life is spared!
From Williamsburg town he nobly dared
To race with the flood and take the road
In front of the terrible swath it mowed.
For miles it thundered and crashed behind,
But he looked ahead with a steadfast mind:
"They must be warned!" was all he said,
As away on his terrible ride he sped.

When heroes are called for, bring the crown
To this Yankee rider; send him down
On the stream of time with the Curtius old;—
His deed as the Roman's was brave and bold,
And the tale can as noble a thrill awake,
For he offered his life for the people's sake.

THY LOVE IS OVER ALL

ELVIRA SYDNOR MILLER

Glad bells have rung the New Year in
  And told the old good-bye,
And o'er this darkening world of sin
  The stars come out on high;
Methinks from these wide fields of light
  I hear sweet voices call,
Faint singing through the peaceful night,
  Thy love is over all.

The sailor's children calmly sleep
  Like sea-blooms on a stem,
And far off on the swelling deep
  Their father thinks of them;
And though the mighty north wind blows,
  The rains unceasing fall,
Deep in his trusting heart he knows
  Thy love is over all.

The lonely mother gently lays
  War's rusted weapons by,

As through the window softly strays
The glory of the sky;
What though no footstep glads her ear,
Her name no voices call,
Yet still she knoweth Thou art near,
Thy love is over all.

Thy gifts are boundless as the sea,
A most exhaustless store,
They have no limit nor degree,
But bless both rich and poor;
The beggar, starving at the gate,
The noble in the hall,
Alike upon Thy mandates wait,
Whose love is over all.

Upon the waters and the land,
Through darkness and through light,
We follow e'er Thy guiding hand
Toward realms beyond the night;
And though life's cup with tears we fill,
And death's grim shades appall,
Thou art our God, our Father still,
Thy love is over all.

SAINT MACARIUS AND THE GRAPES

One day Saint Macarius and a number of his monks were working in a field. The hot sun beat upon their heads, but they toiled on and made of their work a holy prayer.

A traveler passing by handed to Saint Macarius, who was nearest the road, a large bunch of grapes, telling him to eat them as they would cool and refresh him.

The saint returned thanks for the gift, but as soon as the traveler was out of sight he passed the grapes to the monk nearest to him, saying, "They will refresh you, brother."

The good brother watched his opportunity, and when Saint Macarius had his face turned away he passed the grapes to the next monk, who in turn passed them to the next monk, and he to the next, and so on until they came to the last one in the field. He not knowing that Saint Macarius had had the grapes first, saved them until a change of position placed him near the saint, and then he kindly handed the bunch of grapes to Saint Macarius.

"Thank God," said the saint. "My brothers know how to control themselves and how to exercise charity toward others."

JESUS MY GOD AND MY ALL

REV. FREDERICK W. FABER

Rev. Frederick William Faber was born in Calverly, Yorkshire, England, June 28, 1814, and died September 26, 1863. He was a clergyman of the Anglican Church until the year 1845, when he became a Catholic. After due preparation he was ordained a priest.

His most popular works were written after he became a Catholic. His devotional books are general favorites, and his hymns are found in nearly all collections of hymns. Some of his best-known books are: "Growth in Holiness"; "All for Jesus"; "Bethlehem"; "The Blessed Sacrament"; "At the Foot of the Cross," and his essays which are printed in book form.

O Jesus, Jesus! dearest Lord!
  Forgive me if I say,
For very love, Thy sacred Name
  A thousand times a day.

O Light in darkness, joy in grief,
  O Heaven begun on earth!
Jesus my Love! my Treasure! who
  Can tell what Thou art worth?

What limit is there to my love?
  Thy flight where wilt thou stay?
On! On! our Lord is sweeter far
  To-day than yesterday.

A RACE WITH A LOCOMOTIVE

MARY CATHERINE CROWLEY

MARY CATHERINE CROWLEY, an American writer, was born in Boston, Massachusetts. Her father, John C. Crowley, was a Harvard graduate, and her mother, Mary J. Cameron, a graduate of the Sacred Heart, Manhattanville, New York. Our author's opportunities for acquiring a good education were of the best and were well used. When quite young, only in her teens, she began writing for publication. Her stories for boys and girls appeared in *Wide Awake*, *St. Nicholas*, *Little Men and Women*, *Our Little Ones*, and the *Ave Maria*. She has been an indefatigable writer. Some of her books are "Merry Hearts and True"; "Happy-Go-Lucky"; "Apples Ripe and Rosy, Sir"; "The City of Wonders"; "The Sentinel of Metz"; "The Child-Crusaders"; "The Child of the Temple"; "Every-Day Girl." In 1901 she gave to the public a novel, "A Daughter of New France"; and in April, 1902, "The Heroine of the Straits," her second novel appeared. In the early 80's Miss Crowley and her parents moved to Detroit, Michigan, which is now her home.

The people of her adopted city have, in many ways, shown how much they appreciate the strong, beautiful character of this Catholic author who lives in their midst.

"Now for a long run, Ben," said Engineer Hoey to his fireman. "Pile on more coal there." As he spoke he opened the throttle of the engine, and the panting locomotive leaped forward with renewed speed. Train No. 10, the Western Day Express, had just left the D—— station; upon the schedule it was marked for no other stop within fifty miles.

John Hoey and his fireman, Ben Hallet, were two of the most reliable men in the service of the company. They were firm friends, and, notwithstanding their reputation for caution and steadiness, had been through dangers together, and could look back upon a number of hairbreadth escapes. Perhaps the most singular of their adventures was that which befell them upon this particular trip.

It was a lovely morning in the spring; the sun shone, the sky was a deep blue and without a cloud. The train sped on. Soon the town was left behind; and now the route lay amid green pastures abloom with buttercups and daisies, past woods lovely in their new foliage, and orchards redolent with blossoms.

The two men gave little heed to the beauty of the ever-changing scene, however; for one tended his fire, while the other, with his head out of the window of the cab, kept his eyes riveted upon the track—that apparently endless double ribbon of steel gleaming in the sunlight, which was ever slipping away, yet ever uncoiled itself anew before him like a glittering serpent. Conversation was difficult, and carried on in snatches; then neither of the men spoke for some time. Suddenly, just after the train had wound around a curve, a cry of horror broke from the engineer; and, turning to his fireman, he exclaimed,

"Ben, what is that?"

His companion looked out. Upon the track, a short distance in front of them, was a little object, flitting along as if it had the world to itself, and there were no such

things as snorting and ruthless iron monsters to invade its paradise.

"Quick, man!—for God's sake!" cried Ben. "It is a child!"

No need of the warning. Hoey had already done everything he could to stop the train. But they had been tearing along with such rapidity, and the engine had such a head of steam on, that his efforts only served to slightly decrease the speed. Now they could plainly distinguish the child; a little girl, scarcely more than a baby; bareheaded, with sunny hair, and wearing a blue-checked apron, which fluttered in the breeze. Unconscious of peril, she danced along, waving her tiny hands in glee, just for the very joy and gladsomeness of living. And here was Death coming swiftly, nearer and nearer! Each ripple of laughter, each note of the song she seemed to be singing to herself, might be her last; and yet, unconscious, she laughed and sang.

Hoey worked desperately at the lever, and gave the signal for "down brakes," but, alas! there was hardly time. Engineers often tell of instances where the engine, senseless and soulless mass of machinery as it is, becomes uncontrollable, like a living creature intent upon a diabolical purpose of its own. In this instance, do what he would, it kept on its relentless course—a fiery dragon that would not be deprived of its prey.

For an older person there might be some hope: he might look back or hear the noise of the train at the last moment; but the child frolicked on in merry abandon. The engineer

turned despairingly to his comrade. In an instant Ben had leaped from the cab, fallen, recovered himself, and sped like a deer on beside the train. A race with a locomotive, a vain contest, it would seem. Yet the fleet fellow kept up, lost a pace, regained it, was now actually ahead. He sprang in front of the engine—alas, too late!

"O God!" groaned the engineer. He drew back and shut his eyes, lest he should see not only the beautiful little life of the child crushed out, but also that of his friend—noble, heroic, Ben. In his heart he already felt the dreadful shock which he knew would in reality be scarcely perceptible; hardly more than the resistance of the flowers and sturdy grass of the fields before the scythe. It did not come. How could that be possible? Instead, he heard a cheer. Again he thrust his head out of the window. Could he believe his sight? There was Ben alive and unscathed—Ben, with the child in his arms. The engine came to a stop at last, about a hundred yards farther along.

A woman was observed rushing from the direction of a house near the railroad. Half crazed, she had seen the danger of her little one, while powerless to avert it. Then she beheld the brave man's effort to snatch the child from the very jaws of death, if need be to purchase its life with his own. At the supreme moment she was stricken with a sudden blindness; she reeled, and would have lost consciousness but for that quick shout of joy. What? Saved? Marvelous! Could she credit the assurance of that call? Or was it a delusion—a knell in her ears, which took on a

glad ring to mock her? The blessed doubt gave her renewed strength, however. She almost flew to the spot. The Lord be praised! It was true. The child, who had clung to Ben half dazed with fright, now began to cry piteously. The mother caught it in a frantic embrace, murmured a few broken words of fervent gratitude to its brave deliverer, and then sank swooning to the ground.

Several laborers in a field beyond, who had also witnessed the intrepid rescue, hastened to the scene. Car windows were raised, and nervous passengers inquired why the train had come to a standstill. When the reason for the commotion became known, what a thrill of feeling it caused! What a cheer went up for the brave fireman! Many were eager to make a handsome purse for him then and there. But Ben said:

"No; thank you, sirs! A hundred thousand dollars wouldn't have paid me for throwing away my life, or that mother for the loss of her baby. But my own life and the child's have been, as I might say, given back, thank God! And that's the only reward I want."

With these words Ben turned away, drew his gingham shirt sleeve across his grimy brow, and sprang to his place upon the engine. The engineer sounded the whistle, the passengers scrambled into the cars again, and the train sped on.

* * *

Resist beginnings; all too late the cure,
When ills have gathered strength by long delay.

THE WHITE LADY

ELLEN WALSH

Many years ago, in a far-away country across the sea, lived a beautiful lady. When men and women met this lady as she was walking or riding, they would turn to look at her, so great was the beauty of her countenance.

She was as good as she was beautiful. She seemed to give all her attention to the care of the poor, the sick, and those in trouble, and whatever she did, whether great deed or small, was done for the honor and glory of God.

Our White Lady could do wonderful deeds. She was known to travel very many miles in one day, in order to help some one in need. One time a large number of people came to see her to ask her advice about various matters. They remained so long it became necessary to give them something to eat. The poor cook was in great distress because there was not food enough in the house for a dozen persons, to say nothing about feeding hundreds. Our Lady graciously ordered the food to be placed upon the tables, and lo! all the guests had sufficient to eat and a large amount was left.

Our Lady had many companions who came to live and work with her. They all wore white dresses like hers. After a time so many came that the place where they were

living was too small to accommodate them all and give lodging to those who journeyed from afar.

Near by lived a wealthy chieftain who had acres and acres of land. One day our Lady took with her four companions and went up the high hill to the castle where the chieftain lived.

Just at the entrance to the great gate they met the owner coming out, with a wolf walking beside him. The chieftain was a large man, with long gray hair and gray, bushy beard. His eyes were dark and piercing. The wolf beside him was a ferocious looking animal.

Instead of kindly inviting the women to enter his castle, the chief asked in a loud, harsh voice what they wanted there.

The White Lady spoke a word or two to her Guardian Angel, and then turning to the chief she said:

"We come, my lord, to tell you that our houses, below in the valley, under the great oak tree, are now too small for our community. We need more land on which to build more houses. Will you, please, give us a few acres of the land near our home?"

The old chieftain scowled and spoke louder than ever: "Why should I give land to you and your companions?"

"For the sake of the dear Lord for whom we try to work," answered the lady. "We feed the hungry, care for the sick, and strive to aid all the needy who come to us. We need only a few of your acres."

"Let the sick die and the hungry starve," said the chief. "Why should you care for them?"

"For the sake of Jesus, who died for you and for me and for all."

This answer seemed to enrage the chief more than ever, and again he refused to give her any land.

Her companions gently urged her to leave, for his cruel looks and cross words made them fear for their lives. The huge wolf had been coming nearer and nearer until he lay at the feet of the White Lady and seemed as peaceful as a dove. But her companions feared him.

Our White Lady lingered and continued to urge the chief to give her the land. At last she said to him:

"Will you give me as much land as my mantle will cover?"

The chief looked at her, and as he saw before him a small woman, with her white mantle reaching from her neck to the ground, he laughed aloud, and his laugh made her companions tremble more than his cross words.

"Yes; you may have all the land that your mantle will cover;" and he laughed louder than ever.

The White Lady removed her mantle from her shoulders and, handing it to her four companions, bade them take it by the four corners and spread it over the land.

Taking the mantle, the four began to stretch it out, their faces beaming with hope and happiness. They began dancing away, away over the land and the mantle kept growing larger and larger.

The chief was so amazed he could scarcely believe his own eyes, when he saw the mantle covering many, many acres, for the maidens lost no time in dancing over the hills

and across the valleys. The White Lady looked on smiling, now and then patting the wolf at her feet, and again whispering a word to her Guardian Angel.

At last the old chief said: "Stop them! Stop them! You may have all the land you want!"

Lifting her hand, the White Lady gave a signal to her maidens to return to her. The chief ordered his men to show the White Lady all his lands and to allow her to choose her own.

"My Lady," he said with low voice and humble manner, "Jesus, for whom you labor, has given you great power. You can do more wonderful things than the fairies or the giants can do. Hereafter I shall serve your Jesus and be your humble servant."

The world knows our fair White Lady by the name of Saint Bridget of Ireland; and the Church has appointed as her feast the first day of February.

If all were perfect, what then would we have to bear with from others for the love of God? —*Thomas à Kempis.*

He doth well, who regardeth rather the common good than his own will. —*Ibid.*

In the highest civilization the book is still the highest delight. —*Emerson.*

WAS ROB STUPID?

ELLA REARDON BAIRD

ELLA REARDON BAIRD, an American educator, was born in the northern part of the State of New York, near the town of Malone. She showed a love for books and study in her childhood, and in the schools she was always in classes with pupils much older than herself. When seventeen she graduated from a classical school, the only girl in a large class, the majority of whom were preparing for college. Later she graduated from the Normal School at Oswego, N. Y., and also took a course in professional training in the department for criticism and in the Clark University, in Worcester, Massachusetts.

She has been a most successful teacher. The schools of the city of Toledo became famous under her training and teaching as supervisor of the Elementary grades. She has contributed valuable articles to many of the educational magazines, and on one occasion won a national prize for an essay on methods. Many of the leading educators of the country were her competitors. In institutes, conventions, and other educational meetings she has been a strong factor, always exercising a hopeful and uplifting influence.

"I can pay you only seventeen cents down, Mr. Green, but I'll pay you the rest when berrying time is over;" and the barefooted, rosy-cheeked boy looked wistfully from the farmer's stern face down at the black, curly puppy that was frolicking at his feet.

A decided "No" had risen to the lips of the close-fisted man, but when Rob looked up again there was such a plead-

ing expression in the big blue eyes, that the man checked himself and said gruffly, "Your dog died yesterday. What ailed him?"

"Why, you see, Mr. Green, Tige was old, awfully old, older than I am. He hasn't been frisky lately at all, but he wasn't real sick, and yesterday he just died;"—here Rob's lips began to quiver,—"and last night I had to go for the cows alone. I never went without Tige before in my life, and they had crossed the river; if Tige had been with me he could have swum across and got them, but I had to go round by the bridge, and it was dark when I got home, and I was awful lonesome without Tige." By this time genuine tears were running down the boy's cheeks,—Tige had certainly left a sincere mourner, and the child's grief really touched the farmer, for after a moment he said:

"But that puppy is too small to go after the cows, or even to walk to the pasture."

"Yes, sir, I know that, but he could walk some and I could carry him some, and he would be company for me. It don't take puppies long to grow, does it? I am afraid I couldn't earn enough to pay for a big dog like Tige, but I'll pay for the puppy if you'll trust me till berrying time."

"Well, well, take him then, but remember he is worth two dollars, and see to it that you pay for him before the summer is over."

"Yes, sir, I'll pay it." Rob took an old purse from his pocket, counted out seventeen cents, laid them in the farmer's grimy palm, then stooping to catch the puppy, he

started through the fields, carrying his four-footed prize in his arms.

Rob was the youngest of a family of five. His home, a humble little farmhouse, stood perched like a bird's nest high up among the hills of Vermont. On all sides, as far as the eye could reach, rose the rugged peaks of the Green Mountains; while among the hills the river wound in and out, on its way to that fairest of lakes—Champlain. Here was a wealth of beauty in land and sky, but though nature is beautiful, she is not bountiful on these hillside farms, save in the priceless gift of patient industry and unswerving integrity, often her sole bequest.

Rob's oldest brother, John, a noble, unselfish young man, had been for some years at work in the city. The stern training of his earlier years had developed a character of sterling worth. He was now earning a fair salary, a portion of which always came to bring comfort to those at home.

The family consisted of their parents, Rob, his two brothers, Dick and Jim, and a sister, Kate. Dick and Jim helped with the farm work summers, but went to school winters; Kate assisted her mother with the housework; and nine-year-old Rob did the chores and went to school.

O that school! With all the energy of his healthy little heart Rob hated it. Couldn't see what schools were for, anyhow; just to keep a fellow in, when it was the best time to slide or skate or "sugar off." He couldn't learn to read; couldn't tell p from q, nor m from n; of course he couldn't

spell, and, as for the multiplication table, that was out of the question.

His teachers called him stupid; his brothers declared "it was no use to send Rob to school, he couldn't learn." Kate said nothing, but felt sure he was a dunce, and the general verdict was, that Rob was hopelessly dull. This was a great sorrow to his wise, loving little mother. She insisted that Rob could learn "if you took him the right way," for he was affectionate, thoughtful, and not a bit lazy. Though her own store of book learning was small, her patience was great, and it was owing more to her zeal, than to that of any teacher, that now, at nine years of age, Rob could stumble through a first reader.

Outside that schoolroom was a beautiful world, Nature's book spread wide open, and here the boy was at home; inside, was a dreary desert where the child was consigned to the class of hopeless dunces.

When Rob trudged in with his puppy, tired and hot, and told his mother the story of his bargain with Mr. Green, she said to herself: "There's some business in Rob if he can't learn; neither of the older boys would have done as well."

The puppy proved a nuisance; there was no end to his mischievous pranks or the things he destroyed before he became a well-behaved dog; but he was tolerated for Rob's sake, for any reproof to his dog was harder for the little boy to bear than if he himself had been the culprit.

Berrying time came at last. Rob knew every strawberry

patch, blueberry marsh, and raspberry bush in the vicinity, and how he worked! But the season was dry and berries scarce. When he started with his last basket for the village, two miles away, he still lacked thirty-eight cents to complete his two dollars; and he knew his berries would not bring more than twenty-five. He had promised to pay for "Gyp" when berrying time was over; he did not want to ask his mother for the money and the boy was downhearted. His way led by the river pond where the freshest of lilies rested their creamy blossoms on the cool water. The beauty of the flowers attracted him this morning and he stopped long enough to gather a handful to take with him.

As he entered the village, he had to cross the railroad track, and near at hand was the station where Rob loved to linger until the morning train went by. This morning, as he watched the passengers, he noticed at one of the windows a pale-faced lady and heard her say:

"O Anna, there are some of the loveliest pond lilies and such a dear little boy!"

The delicate compliment went straight to the child's heart. Stepping quickly to the window he held up the flowers saying, "Would you like them?"

"Oh, yes," replied the lady, "how much are they?"

"Why, nothing," answered Rob, who had never heard of selling flowers.

"But did you not intend to sell them?" asked the lady.

"Oh, no," replied the boy; "I sell berries."

"Berries, is that what you have in your basket? Let me

see them? How much do you ask for them?" said the lady in one breath.

"I want to sell them for twenty-five cents. You see, I owe thirty-eight cents on Gyp, my dog."

The lady took the berries, and before Rob realized what she was doing, she had emptied them into a box at her side, dropped a half-dollar into the basket, and handed it back to him just as the conductor shouted, "All aboard!"

Rob looked at the half-dollar, at the train as it rolled past him, took the money in his hand, looked at it again, then whistled to Gyp, and both started at full speed up the hill, through the woods, and "across lots" home to mother.

That afternoon Rob and Gyp went over to Farmer Green's. Ah, little Rob, a millionaire might envy you, proud in the importance of business, satisfied and happy in keeping your promise, rich beyond comparison in the possession of twelve cents.

The following autumn Rob's brother John persuaded his parents to rent the farm and move to the city for a time, that the younger boys might, for a few years, be placed in better schools. So to the city Rob came and was placed in a well graded school. His mother had every hope that now Rob would convince others that he was not stupid. But alas for the mother's hopes.

In Rob's class were some fifty pupils, all much younger than himself. They looked with such critical eyes on the country lad that for the first time in his life he was self-conscious. He felt that in some way he was not quite like

the others. When he read in the drawling manner of the district school, they laughed at him, not aloud, but with a suppressed giggle that cut Rob to the quick, for his ear and heart were as sensitive as his mental powers were seemingly dull.

When he went home at noon his mother asked him how he liked his school.

"Don't like it at all," answered Rob. By dint of questioning the source of the trouble was revealed. His brother John told him not to mind, all country boys had to stand being laughed at, related his own experience, and quite raised Rob's spirits so that he returned to school next day in a better frame of mind.

However, at the end of the year he failed to reach the standard for promotion, and, as he was much larger and older than the other pupils, the teacher decided he must go to the ungraded school. This was a sorrow to Rob; he liked his teacher, she was pretty and dainty, had the whitest of hands, a sweet voice, and Rob was fond of music.

Out of school hours he did errands for a grocery store, and here he learned quite an amount of arithmetic; the money and the articles were tangible things; furthermore, he was a favorite with the customers because of his agreeable manners.

After five years it was decided to return to the farm. Dick and Jim were now in good positions, but Rob must return with his parents. At first Rob was glad to get back to the old familiar scenes; but as years went on he ques-

tioned what life had for him. The farm had never meant a comfortable living to his parents, and now with all his own hard work, if it were not for the help that came from the boys, there would be scarcely enough to make both ends meet. The little inland town had no opportunities for a poor boy. Rob deeply regretted that he had never been able to learn as the other boys had, and he took to studying over his old text-books once more.

He had never given up his childish habit of waiting to see the train come in when he happened to be in the village at train time. One day the station agent said to him: "Rob, why don't you learn telegraphy?"

"Do you think I could? I'm very stupid," said Rob.

"I am not so sure of that," said Mr. Brown. "You have a good ear for sound, try it; you'll have plenty of time this winter. I'll teach you and you will be some help to me."

Rob knew that the agent was decidedly lazy, and that any instruction would be dearly earned; but he gladly accepted the offer.

The boy, who knew every sound in field and wood, found at last something that he could do. Soon that little instrument was, to him, like a living thing. Rob worked indefatigably; the agent's propensity to ease proved a blessing to the hard-working boy. He learned to operate, to attend to passengers, freight, express, even to make out monthly reports while he was, ostensibly, sweeping the station, tending fires, and learning telegraphy.

That summer more help was needed; the place was offered to Rob at twenty-five dollars a month. He took it, and out of his wages paid fifteen dollars a month to a farm hand, boarding at home himself and eating a cold lunch at noon.

The fall was unusually rainy. In October Mr. Brown was taken violently ill, and Rob was left in charge of the office. As he sat alone one evening waiting for the night express he heard a low, dull, far away sound. In an instant he was on his feet with a face like death.

"The bridge!" he gasped, "and the night express due in fifteen minutes!" Turning to his instrument he called to the agent at the last station: "Has '58' left?"

"'58' late five minutes—just in sight," was the answer.

"Hold '58' for orders," flashed over the wires; then hastily snatching his lantern Rob was down the track like a deer. Soon he stood where the river, often scarcely more than a singing brook, now a dark, heavy mass, surged on through the open space where the bridge had stood; where, but for Rob's accurate ear and steady hand, the night express must have borne its passengers to eternity.

Back Rob hastened to the office to hear his instrument calling impatiently. He turned the key and read: "President and train dispatcher both on board '58,' furious at delay. Who gave orders to hold train?"

Back went the answer: "Rob Douglass,—bridge at Forge went down at 9:15."

The president heard the answer and said: "That boy's

ear must be as keen as a hound's, for the message was here at 9:16. Well, he has saved our lives."

Rob received no special commendation for his night's work, nor did he know that not one in a thousand would have heard the sound, or hearing it, would have known what it was. However, when the agent recovered, Rob was sent to one of the more important offices where he soon became indispensable. He could step in anywhere and do anything; moreover he possessed a cheerful disposition and no end of endurance. The country boy, who had failed to lay up a stock of learning, had laid by a capital of health and strength upon which he could draw with impunity.

Two years went by, when the president of the road was approached by the superintendent of a neighboring road with—"You are paying young Douglass only seventy-five dollars a month; we are willing to give him a hundred and expenses."

The president, a self-made millionaire, said coolly, "What doing?"

"Soliciting traffic," was the answer. "I find he is strictly honest, has good morals, good manners, good health, and is a hard worker. We want that kind of a man. I suppose you have no objection?"

"No," responded the president; "but we don't want to part with Rob. He saved my life—I am grateful to the boy. You can just as well take your traffic from our road as from the L. & L. You make your offer to Rob; we will put him on the road in the same capacity and continue his present

salary; if the work is a success, at the end of three months, we will pay him a hundred a month."

Three months later, Rob wrote to his mother: "I am engaged by both roads, a hundred a month from each. Not bad, mother, for your boy who couldn't learn."

The little mother wiped her glasses, kissed the letter, and said, "Why didn't they believe me when I told them Rob wasn't stupid?"

THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET

SAMUEL WOODWORTH

SAMUEL WOODWORTH, an American poet, born at Scituate, Massachusetts, January 13, 1785; died at New York City, December 9, 1842. He is best known from his lyric, "The Old Oaken Bucket." His poems were published in 1861.

How dear to my heart are the scenes of my childhood,
When fond recollection presents them to view!
The orchard, the meadow, the deep-tangled wild-wood,
And every loved spot which my infancy knew;—
The wide-spreading pond, and the mill which stood by it,
The bridge, and the rock where the cataract fell;
The cot of my father, the dairy-house nigh it,
And e'en the rude bucket which hung in the well.
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket which hung in the well.

That moss-covered vessel I hail as a treasure;
For often, at noon, when returned from the field,
I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure,
The purest and sweetest that nature can yield.
How ardent I seized it, with hands that were glowing!
And quick to the white-pebbled bottom it fell.
Then soon, with the emblem of truth overflowing,
And dripping with coolness, it rose from the well;
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket arose from the well.

How sweet from the green mossy brim to receive it,
As, poised on the curb, it inclined to my lips!
Not a full blushing goblet could tempt me to leave it,
Though filled with the nectar that Jupiter sips.
And now, far removed from the loved situation,
The tear of regret will intrusively swell,
As fancy reverts to my father's plantation,
And sighs for the bucket which hangs in the well;
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket which hangs in the well.

What is it to be a gentleman? It is to be honest, to be gentle, to be generous, to be brave, to be wise; and, possessing all these qualities, to exercise them in the most graceful outward manner.

—*Thackeray.*

WARREN'S ADDRESS AT BUNKER HILL

JOHN PIERPONT

JOHN PIERPONT. Born in Litchfield, Connecticut, April 6, 1785; died in Medford, Massachusetts, August 27, 1866. He was an American poet and a Unitarian clergyman. Two of his most popular poems are "Warren's Address" and the "Pilgrim Fathers." "Airs of Palestine," "My Child," and "Not on the Battle-Field" are among the best poems that he has written. He is the author of many hymns and odes written for both religious and national occasions.

Stand! the ground's your own, my braves!
Will ye give it up to slaves?
Will ye look for greener graves?
  Hope ye mercy still?
What's the mercy despots feel?
Hear it in that battle-peal!
Read it on yon bristling steel!
  Ask it,—ye who will.

Fear ye foes who kill for hire?
Will ye to your homes retire?
Look behind you,—they're afire!
  And before you, see
Who have done it! From the vale
On they come!—and will ye quail?
Leaden rain and iron hail
  Let their welcome be!

In the God of battles trust!
Die we may,—and die we must:
But, oh, where can dust to dust
  Be consigned so well,
As where heaven its dews shall shed
On the martyred patriot's bed,
And the rocks shall raise their head,
  Of his deeds to tell?

* * *

STRIVE, WAIT, AND PRAY

ADELAIDE A. PROCTER

Strive; yet I do not promise
  The prize you dream of to-day
Will not fade when you think to grasp it,
  And melt in your hand away;
But another and holier treasure,
  You would now perchance disdain,
Will come when your toil is over,
  And pay you for all your pain.

Wait; yet I do not tell you
  The hour you long for now,
Will not come with its radiance vanished,
  And a shadow upon its brow;

Yet far through the misty future,
With a crown of starry light,
An hour of joy you know not
Is winging her silent flight.

Pray; though the gift you ask for
May never comfort your fears,
May never repay your pleading,
Yet pray, and with hopeful tears;
An answer, not that you long for,
But diviner, will come one day;
Your eyes are too dim to see it,
Yet strive, and wait, and pray.

ST. TERESA'S BOOKMARK

Let nothing trouble you.
Let nothing frighten you.
All things pass away.
God only is immutable.
Patience overcometh all difficulties.
Those who possess God, want nothing.
God alone suffices.

SAINT CHRISTOPHER

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW, one of the best poets of America, was born in Portland, Maine, February 27, 1807; and died in Cambridge, Massachusetts, March 24, 1882.

He graduated at Bowdoin College when eighteen years of age, and, after studying in Europe, accepted a position as professor of modern languages in Bowdoin. From 1836 to 1854 he was professor of modern languages and belles-lettres in Harvard College. His poetical works are well known. His prose works are "Hyperion," "Kavanagh," and "Outre-Mer." His "Hiawatha" and "Evangeline" are favorites with many; "The Spanish Student," "Tales of a Wayside Inn," "The Golden Legend" are among his longest poems. His translation of "Dante" is considered one of the best that has been made.

His mother taught him his letters from the "Lives of the Saints"—a volume full of wondrous legends, and illustrated with engravings from pictures by the old masters, which opened to him the world of spirits and the world of art; and both were beautiful. She explained to him the pictures; she read to him the legends—the lives of holy men and women, full of faith and good works—things that ever afterward remained associated together in his mind. Thus holiness of life, and self-renunciation, and devotion to duty were early impressed upon his soul. To his quick imagination, the spiritual world became real; the holy com-

pany of the saints stood round about the solitary boy; his guardian angel led him by the hand by day and sat by his pillow at night.

Of all the stories that which most delighted and most impressed him was the one of St. Christopher. The picture illustrating the story was from a painting of Paolo Farinato, representing a figure of gigantic strength and stature, leaning upon a staff, and bearing the Infant Christ, on his bending shoulders, across the rushing river.

The legend related that St. Christopher, being of huge proportions and immense strength, wandered long about the world before his conversion, seeking for the greatest king, and willing to obey no other. After serving various masters, whom in turn he deserted because each recognized by some word or sign another greater than himself, he heard by chance of Christ, the King of heaven and earth, and asked of a holy hermit where He might be found and how he might serve Him.

The hermit told him he must fast and pray; but the giant replied that if he fasted he would lose his strength, and that he did not know how to pray. Then the hermit told him to take up his abode on the banks of a mountain torrent, where travellers were often drowned in crossing, and to rescue any that might be in peril.

The giant obeyed; and tearing up a palm tree by the roots for a staff, he took his station by the river's side and saved many lives.

The Lord looked down from heaven and said, "Behold

this strong man, who knows not yet the way to worship, but has found the way to serve Me."

One night he heard the voice of a Child, crying in the darkness and saying, "Christopher! come and bear me over the river!"

Christopher went out and found the Child sitting alone on the margin of the stream; and, taking Him upon his shoulders, he waded into the water. Then the wind began to roar, and the waves to rise higher and higher about him, and his little burden, which at first seemed so light, grew heavier and heavier as he advanced, and bent his huge shoulders down, and put his life in peril; so when he reached the shore, he said, "Who art thou, O Child, that hast weighed upon me with a weight as if I had borne the whole world upon my shoulders?"

The little Child answered, "Thou hast borne the whole world upon thy shoulders, and Him who created it. I am Christ, whom thou by thy deeds of charity wouldst serve. Thou and thy service are accepted. Plant thy staff in the ground, and it shall blossom and bear fruit!" With these words the Child vanished away.

* * *

The most effectual prayer is a coin put for God's sake in the poor-box.

—*Austin O'Malley.*

SAINT CATHERINE OF ALEXANDRIA

ELIZA ALLEN STARR

ELIZA ALLEN STARR, a noted American writer and art critic, was born in Deerfield, Massachusetts, August 29, 1824. She had, in childhood and youth, all the advantages to be gained by a cultured home, and the conversation of the educated people who visited her father's house. When about twenty years of age she was sent to Boston for the purpose of enlarging her opportunities for learning. Here she began to investigate the claims of the Catholic Church and in time was received into the fold. She devoted her life to the work of good art and the great and good thoughts expressed by art. Her interpretations of the works of the great Masters were most profound, yet so simply and clearly expressed that she has made their messages understood and loved by thousands.

She has written and published the following books: "Songs of a Life-Time" (poems); "Patron Saints"; "Pilgrims and Shrines"; "Christian Art in our Own Age"; "Archangels in Art"; "Seven Dolors of the Blessed Virgin"; "What we See"; and "The Three Keys." The last-mentioned book is a monumental work containing descriptions of Raphael's frescoes in the Vatican in Rome. In the year 1885 Notre Dame University, Indiana, conferred on her the *Lætare Medal*. In the year 1900, Leo XIII. sent her a beautiful medallion of the *Immaculate Conception* as an expression of high regard for this valiant daughter of the Church, who had done so much to foster love and appreciation for art.

Miss Starr died in Durand, Wisconsin, September 7, 1901.

The setting sun of an African November, in the year of our Lord 307, flooded the city of Alexandria with a glory more of heaven than of earth. Two Greeks of the Musæum walked, side by side, the length of the noble portico where

the philosophers and scholars of all nations, for six hundred years, had delighted to breathe the evening air as it floated in from the Mediterranean Sea. Around them lay the gardens of this royal seat of learning. Within sight was the Pharos, or light-house of white marble, on which fires were kept burning constantly, to guide the sailors into the great harbor.

More majestic still rose before them, encrusted with the beautifully veined marbles of Western quarries, the temple of the god, Serapis. More than two hundred years before, on the feast day of this god, the holy evangelist, Saint Mark, had been dragged along the paved streets of this idolatrous and wicked city and had been thrown outside the gates to die.

By a succession of events, too extraordinary for any but the Divine eye to foresee, this Alexandria, this seat of pagan philosophy, had also become a center of Christian doctrine, Christian morality, and of the profoundest Christian learning. Paganism struggled fiercely with its supernatural conqueror, and even when vanquished in fair scholastic combat never deigned to acknowledge its defeat.

The two learned Greeks, Myron and Caranus, were discussing a new order sent them from the emperor.

"To be called to meet a Christian scholar, if there be one, would be insulting enough; but to spend time and learning upon a woman, is hardly proper for us."

"You must remember," replied Myron, "that the Lady Catherine is a princess and that she is called learned. She is said to be beautiful and possessed of charming manners."

The men continued talking about the order which the emperor had given, that forty of the philosophers of Alexandria should, on the morrow, discuss with Catherine the truths of Christianity. It was, indeed, a strange order, as Caranus, the Greek had said, to ask a young girl to defend her faith against forty learned men.

Catherine, at the age of eighteen, was a prodigy of learning, for she had been educated by the successors of Pantænus of Alexandria and of his disciple, Saint Clement.

The morning after Myron and Caranus had been talking of Catherine was the one appointed for her to meet the philosophers. When she entered the grand hall where she was to combat pagan wisdom, the long array of learned men, the large number of curious spectators, and the presence of the emperor, all for a moment seemed to embarrass her. Soon she was at her ease and quietly took her place.

The rich garments of the princess were not put on for the occasion, only a white robe of woolen cloth hanging in graceful folds reaching to the ground. Her eyes were not cast down, but fearlessly looked at her opposers.

Each philosopher carried his roll under his robe, but no manuscript was concealed in the sleeves of Catherine's tunic. It was plain that she remembered the promise made by our Lord when He said: "But when they shall deliver you up, be not anxious how or what to speak, for it shall be given you in that safe hour what to speak."

The emperor spoke: "We have sent for you, Catherine,

to listen to these wise men, these great teachers so that you may learn from them about the gods of our country."

"The Church of Christ being my teacher," calmly replied Catherine, "what have I to ask concerning false gods, even from the learned philosophers of Alexandria?"

"Tell us, then, since you have nothing to ask," said Caranus, "how one so young could have dared despise the gods of her nation, and, listening to new teachers, have put aside the belief of her nation?"

"Is it a philosopher of Athens who asks me this question? Did not Socrates and Plato, whose disciple you claim to be, acknowledge a belief in the one supreme God? I adore that one God whom they were proud to acknowledge as philosophers, but dared not serve as Greeks."

"But who is this Christ in whose school you have learned to practice what Socrates and Plato taught?" said Myron.

"The Second Person of the Most Holy Trinity; that Christ who is the Son of God and who is also Man; that King who was born in a stable and died upon a cross, but who rules the world and the kingdoms thereof, and who shall, one day, come in His glory to judge both the living and the dead."

Her manner even more than her words carried the truth to the minds of the philosophers, and the divine enthusiasm ran, "like a spark among the reeds," through the ranks of those venerable men.

The emperor noticed the change in the grave teachers and saw that Catherine had made them turn toward Christ.

His face flushed with anger as he said in loud tones: "Dolts, idiots, have I brought you here to betray me? Sacrifice to the gods or, by the thunder of Jupiter, you shall burn like the Christians."

Then it was that these great scholars proved themselves to be great indeed; for in the very presence of the emperor they declared themselves Christians, ready also to suffer as Christians.

No time was lost. Soon the forty philosophers were delivered to the flames, and the emperor ordered Catherine to be placed in a cell and allowed to "starve to death."

Eleven days after, the jailer went to the door of Catherine's cell, and with trembling hand turned the key. The heavy door swung on its hinges, and there sat Catherine, not even wasted, but radiant with a beauty which blinded the eyes and converted the heart of the jailer. He could only fall on his knees and pray to the "God of the Christians."

The news of the miracle spread like wild-fire through the palace. The empress, Porphyry, the head of the emperor's forces, and two hundred attendants, came to visit Catherine in her dungeon, which they found full of fragrance and of light. No sooner did they see this truly celestial maiden than they fell to the floor, and when she spoke to them they could only answer, "We, too, are Christians!"

The emperor's anger was increased, and he commanded that the empress, Porphyry, and all the other converts should be put to death. He ordered that wheels be made, sharp-pointed, and so arranged that two would revolve one way

and two the other, and that Catherine should be tied to those wheels so that when they revolved she would be torn to pieces.

No sooner had the executioners bound her to the wheel-within-wheel than fire came down from heaven and the wheels were broken into pieces which struck many among the crowd. There stood Catherine, under the blue African sky, unharmed, surrounded by a crowd of awe-struck people.

The enraged emperor cried, "Beat her with rods and behead her with the sword!" and the soldiers obeyed him and God took her spirit home.

The Church joyfully celebrates her death, which was her birth into heaven, on the twenty-fifth of November.

Saint Catherine of Alexandria is regarded and honored as the special patron of schools and scholars.

SLY REYNARD

A hungry fox in quest of prey,
Into an outhouse found his way;
When looking round with skillful search,
He spied a hen upon the perch.
Thought Reynard: "What's the reason why
They place her on a roost so high?
I know not what the use can be,
Unless it's out of spite to me."

As thus he thought, the hen awoke,
And then to her Sly Reynard spoke:
"Dear madam, I'm concerned to hear
You've been unwell for half a year;
I could not quell my strong desire
After your welfare to inquire.
But pray come down and take the air;
You'll ne'er get well while sitting there.
I'm sure it will not hurt your cough;
Do give me leave to help you off."

"I thank you, sir," the hen replied;
"I'd rather on my roost abide.
'Tis true enough I've been unwell—
And am so now, the truth to tell,
And am so nervous, you must know,
I dare not trust myself below;
And therefore say to those who call,
I see no company at all;
For from my perch should I descend,
I'm certain in my death 'twould end;
As then, I know, without presumption,
My cough would end in a consumption."

Thus cunning people often find
Their crafty overtures declined
By prudent people, who they thought
For want of wit would soon be caught.

THE CURÉ OF ARS

KATHLEEN O'MEARA

On February 9, 1818, M. Vianney set out toward his unknown parish. The village of Dombes, buried in the midst of fields now covered with snow, was not easy to find. The wayfarer wandered along by the banks of the Fontblin until he lost his way. At last a little shepherd met him and led him back to the right path. The Curé observed the towers of a feudal castle in the distance and asked who lived there. The answer was, "Mademoiselle d'Ars. They call her the mother of the poor."

"That is a beautiful name," remarked the priest, and he walked on.

This amiable lady was almost the first acquaintance he made at Ars, and he soon discovered that the beautiful name was the true expression of a beautiful life. His noble parishioner was a type of the *grande dame* of old Catholic France. Her small figure was full of grace and dignity; she was *spirituelle*, clever, and hospitable as a patriarch. Her devotedness to the poor made a great bond between her and the new pastor, and their souls were drawn together in a holy friendship.

Mademoiselle d'Ars was over sixty years of age and deli-

cately framed, but this did not prevent her wading up to her ankles in snow to early Mass in the winter time. Seeing her arrive one wet morning soaked through, the Curé remarked that she ought to have some sort of little carriage.

"M. le Curé, the poor can't afford to give me one," was the reply.

It expressed admirably the nature of her relation toward them. Every penny she could save from her own necessities belonged by right, she considered, to the poor; but, not content with giving them gold and silver, she gave her personal service when they needed it. She swept out their rooms when they were sick, and even washed and cooked for them if they had no one to perform these offices. Such a soul was sure to appreciate M. Vianney, and she soon held him in profound veneration.

"Pray hard that he may be spared," she would say to the poor; "for if he dies we shall never see his like again."

This valiant woman was a great help to the pastor, who soon discovered that there was indeed but little piety in his parish. There were a few fervent souls who made consoling exceptions, but the contrary rule was general; the people were addicted to sinful ways. M. Vianney's intense devotion to the Eucharist was his grand resource in this grave and pressing responsibility. He resolved to make a crusade for the conversion of his erring flock by inaugurating perpetual adoration of the Blessed Sacrament. The plan was warmly adopted by Mademoiselle d'Ars and a few other devout souls.

They persuaded some pious young girls to come for a quarter of an hour's adoration daily. These in turn induced their parents to come, and in a short time the little church was seldom without a watcher before the tabernacle. One poor laborer was a subject of deep consolation and delight to the Curé. He used to spend hours on his knees before the tabernacle, his eyes fixed on the little golden door, but never moving his lips.

"What do you say to our Lord all the time, my friend?" the Curé asked him one day.

"I say just nothing at all," replied the simple soul; "I only look at Him, and He looks at me."

The Curé of Ars loved to tell his friends about this simple adorer of Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament, and he would dilate on the beauty of his innocent, childlike prayer.

The parish soon began to change its aspect under the influence of the pastor's holiness and zeal. His exhortations were so ardent that the people said of him: "He draws our souls to God whether we will or no." He "beguiled" them into loving the Blessed Virgin in spite of their tepidity and sloth.

One day a group of giddy girls, who had reluctantly consented to come to confession, were waiting their turn. The Curé came unexpectedly out of the sacristy and said, "My children, let us say our Rosary."

He knelt down in the midst of them and began to recite it, and their hearts were moved to sudden compunction. They wept bitter tears, and resolved thenceforth to lead

new lives; and so fervent was their repentance that the Curé founded the Confraternity of the Rosary there and then.

The conversion of this parish, where there was "so little love of God," was the grand miracle of his life; but many gracious minor ones were wrought in the early days of his sojourn there, and they began to prepare the way for the reformation of the parish. The first that is recorded has a perfume of the "Little Flowers of St. Francis." Mademoiselle d'Ars took the Curé a bunch of lilies on his *fête*, which was St. John's Day. He laid them outside the window in the sun, and forgot all about them, until eight days afterward he saw them there as fresh as if they had just been gathered. On some one present exclaiming at the wonder the Curé remarked with a smile, "Why Mademoiselle d'Ars must be a saint!"

The people were beginning to find out where the saint was. The Vicomte d'Ars, brother of the chatelaine, came to stay at the castle, and, being a man of great piety and of a spiritual mind, he at once recognized the sanctity of the young parish priest. He used to say that to see M. Vianney celebrate Mass was enough to convert the most obdurate sinner. He looked, in truth, like a seraph on the altar. Even when saying his breviary his face was luminous as an angel's. The children used to watch him, and they said he had a way of turning his face toward the tabernacle and smiling "as if the good God were telling him something pleasant."

Catherine Lassagne, who was in the service of the presbytery, used to hide in a dark corner that she might see him at his prayers. "Many a time," she said, "I watched him until it seemed to me that our Lord must have been visible to him. It made me feel such a sinner when I saw him in the early dawn on his knees before the tabernacle, his wan, worn features wearing such a light on them, such an expression, as I never could describe!"

These long watches before the tabernacle were the weapons with which the pastor fought and wrestled for the salvation of his flock. One of the great enemies he had to fight against was the universal one, love of amusement. He obtained many signal victories over this insidious and powerful demon, but never, perhaps, a more triumphant one than that which took place on the annual *fête* of the village.

The people from time immemorial held high festival "in honor" of their patron saint,—eating and drinking double rations, dancing and making merry from early morn, and carrying on the rejoicings at night in a ball that lasted till daybreak. This last part of the festivities was the Curé's special horror. He knew it was the ruin of many innocent souls, and he resolved to do away with it at all costs.

The mayor, who was a good Christian, agreed with him, and promised to forbid the ball; but several young men of the village went to the prefect and obtained a counter permission to have it. This left no appeal, the mayor said; but the Curé, who had reserve forces, was not to be beaten.

The day came, and the merry-making was kept up with the usual spirit until evening. Then the candles were lighted, and the fiddling began, and the young men assembled for the ball. But, lo! there were no partners with which to dance. The girls were all in the church, saying the Rosary with M. le Curé. The Curé had the mothers and daughters on his side, and the young men took their defeat good humoredly. This gave the deathblow to the annual ball.

The same fate befell a number of other wicked and dangerous customs. The observance of Sunday, for instance, was neglected: the shops were kept open and work was done just as on week days. The Curé never ceased praying and preaching till he made the people see the sinfulness of this disobedience to God and the Church, and by degrees persuaded them to hold the day sacred. More than one miracle was granted to help them in this good resolution.

Once, in harvest time, while the people were at High Mass, the wind rose and blew with violence; heavy clouds gathered, and everything announced a storm. The Curé ascended the pulpit, and forbade his flock to touch the corn that was lying on the ground, promising them in the name of God that they should have plenty of fine weather to carry on the harvest, if they kept holy the Sunday. They did so, and contrary to the prophecies of all the weatherwise elders, the storm passed away, the sun shone out, and there was no rain for a fortnight.

THE LEPERS OF MOLOKAI

CHARLES WARREN STODDARD

CHARLES WARREN STODDARD was born at Rochester, New York, in 1843. From 1885 to 1886 he was professor of English literature at Notre Dame College, Indiana. Later he lectured on English literature at the Catholic University, Washington, District of Columbia. Some of his best works are "South Sea Idylls," "Summer Cruising in the South Seas," "The Lepers of Molokai," and "Mashallah!"

In 1881, Bishop Hêrmann, then Coadjutor to the late Bishop Maigret, paid a formal visit to Kalawao. It was a great day for the leper settlement. The Bishop was to be received with salutes, music, and banners. Triumphal arches were erected, and presently, all being in readiness, a swarm of volunteers went out to watch for the first signs of his Lordship's approach. Intense excitement prevailed, and when at last a group of tiny figures was discovered climbing down the huge precipice above Kalawao, the enthusiasm of the poor lepers knew no bounds.

It was a happy day for Father Damien; but he was not then aware of the *fête* that was in store for him. When the Bishop reached the base of the cliff, he was received by Father Damien and a deputation from Kalawao. They mounted the horses, which were in readiness, and rode solemnly into the village. The good Bishop, who had been overtaken by a rainstorm, was drenched to the skin; but his

discomfiture was soon forgotten, for at the first triumphal arch he was received by a body of eight hundred lepers, with banners flying. Cheers rent the air; the brass band—the members all lepers—struck up a march, and the procession advanced on Kalawao.

In front of the chapel was another arch, more beautiful than the first, where the entire population had assembled to welcome the distinguished visitor. The Bishop excused himself for a few moments only, in order to change his dripping garments for dry ones, and returned to receive the formal welcome and congratulations of the inhabitants Songs were sung, addresses of welcome delivered, and then his lordship rose to reply.

The delight of Father Damien, the most modest of men had made him almost bold; but to his embarrassment he found himself summoned by his superior to receive publicly the congratulations of the many who were eager to express their admiration and gratitude for the noble self-sacrifice displayed by the young priest. "Moreover," added his Lordship, "I am commissioned by his Majesty to place upon your neck this testimonial of his esteem." With that the Bishop hung upon the breast of the bewildered Father the glittering Cross of a Knight Commander of the Order of Kalakaua I. A thousand voices rent the air—cheer upon cheer; cheer upon cheer awoke the slumbering echoes of that silent shore, and there were those who wept with joy at the honor so justly conferred upon their beloved pastor.

Father Damien, in his confusion, was about to remove

the bauble, but he was at once ordered by the Bishop to allow it to remain, at least so long as he was a guest at Kalawao. Again the banners waved, the women wept, and the shouts of the people mingled with the trumpet-blast of the band boys; for a red-letter day had stolen unexpectedly into the melancholy annals of Kalawao.

. . . . . .

In those last days I used to seek the Father and find him, now at the top of a ladder, hammer and nails in hand; or in the garden or the hospital ward or the kitchen or away on a sick call, as the case might be. It was seldom he could sit with me, for not a moment was he really free. Once I captured him, on a plea of paying my parting call. With the greatest reluctance, and only at my urgent request, he went in search of his decoration. It was found in its neat morocco case, hidden away in an unvisited corner, with the dust an inch thick on it. "It is not for this that I am here," said he disparagingly; and he acknowledged that he had never put the ribbon about his neck,—indeed he had hardly looked at the bauble since the day when the Bishop desired him to wear it for the gratification of his simple flock.

Once I wandered alone into the chapel; a small organ was standing near the open window, and beyond the window was the very pandanus tree under which Father Damien found shelter when he first came to Kalawao. I sat at the instrument, dreaming over the keys, and thinking of the life one must lead in such a spot, of the need and the lack of human sympathy, of the solitude of the soul destined to a

communion with perpetual death—and, hearing a slight rustling near me, I turned and found the chapel nearly filled with lepers, who had silently stolen in, one after another, at the sound of the organ. The situation was rather startling; but when I asked where Father Damien might be found, they directed me, and stood aside to let me pass.

I found him where I might have known he was to be found, working bravely among his men, he by far the most industrious of them all. As I approached them unobserved, the bell of the little chapel rang out the Angelus; and on the instant they all knelt, uncovered their heads, and in their midst the priest recited the beautiful prayer, to which they responded in soft, low voices, while the gentle breeze rustled the broad leaves about them, and the sun poured a flood of glory upon their bowed forms. Lepers all of them, save the good pastor, and soon to follow in the ghastly procession, whose motionless bodies he blesses in their peaceful sleep.

Angelus Domini! Was not that sight pleasing in the eyes of God?

* * *

If wisdom's ways you'd wisely seek,
Five things observe with care:
Of whom you speak, to whom you speak,
And how, and when, and where.

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

Under a spreading chestnut tree
The village smithy stands;
The smith, a mighty man is he
With large and sinewy hands,
And the muscles of his brawny arms
Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp and black and long;
His face is like the tan;
His brow is wet with honest sweat;
He earns whate'er he can,
And looks the whole world in the face,
For he owes not any man.

Week in, week out, from morn till night,
You can hear his bellows blow;
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge
With measured beat and slow,
Like a sexton ringing the village bell,
When the evening sun is low.

And children coming home from school,
Look in at the open door;
They love to see the flaming forge,
And hear the bellows roar;
To see the burning sparks that fly
Like chaff from the threshing-floor.

He goes on Sunday to the church,
And sits among his boys;
He hears the parson pray and preach;
He hears his daughter's voice
Singing in the village choir,
And it makes his heart rejoice.

It sounds to him like her mother's voice
Singing in Paradise!
He needs must think of her once more,
How in the grave she lies;
And with his hard, rough hand he wipes
A tear out of his eyes.

Toiling, rejoicing, sorrowing,
Onward through life he goes;
Each morning sees some task begun,
Each evening sees its close;
Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a night's repose.

CAPTURE OF TICONDEROGA

GEORGE BANCROFT

GEORGE BANCROFT, an American historian, statesman, and diplomat, was born at Worcester, Massachusetts, October 3, 1800; died at Washington, D. C., January 17, 1891. He was a graduate at Harvard College in 1817, and after studying at Göttingen, in Prussia, he was made tutor of Greek in Harvard. From 1838 to 1841 he was collector of the port of Boston, and three years later was the Democratic candidate for governor of Massachusetts. While Secretary of the Navy, 1845–1846, he established the Naval Academy at Annapolis. In 1846 he was United States minister to Great Britain, and from 1867 until 1874 he was minister to Berlin. He wrote a "History of the United States" and a "History of the Constitution of the United States."

The men were at once drawn up in three ranks, and, as the first beams of morning broke up the mountain peaks, Ethan Allen addressed them thus:

"Friends and fellow soldiers, we must this morning quit our pretensions to valor or possess ourselves of this fortress; and inasmuch as it is a desperate attempt, I do not urge it on contrary to your will. You that will undertake it voluntarily poise your firelock."

At the word every firelock was poised.

"Face to the right!" cried Allen, and placing himself at the head of the center file, Arnold keeping at his side, he marched to the gate. It was shut, but the wicket was open.

The sentry snapped a fusee at him.

The Americans rushed into the fort, darted upon the guards, and raising the Indian war-whoop, such as had not been heard there since the days of Montcalm, formed on the parade in hollow square to face each of the barracks.

One of the sentries, after wounding an officer, and being slightly wounded himself, cried out for quarter, and showed the way to the apartment of the commanding officer.

"Come forth instantly, or I will sacrifice the whole garrison," cried Allen, as he reached the door. At this, Delaplace, the commander, came out, half dressed, with some of his clothes in his hand.

"Deliver to me the fort instantly," said Allen.

"By what authority?" asked Delaplace.

"In the name of the great Jehovah and the Continental Congress!" answered Allen.

Delaplace began to speak again, but was interrupted; and at sight of Allen's drawn sword near his head he gave up the garrison, ordering his men to be paraded without arms.

Thus was Ticonderoga taken, in the gray of the morning of the 10th of May, 1775. What cost the British nation eight million sterling, a succession of campaigns, and many lives, was won in ten minutes by a few undisciplined men, without the loss of life or limb.

* * *

To err is human; to forgive, divine.

—*Pope.*

THE BOSTON BOYS IN 1775

The British troops which were sent to Boston, previous to the commencement of the Revolutionary war, to keep that rebellious town in order, were everywhere received with the most unequivocal marks of anger and detestation. During their stay, the very air seemed filled with suppressed breathings of indignation.

The insolence and indiscretions of some subaltern officers increased the ill-will of the citizens, and vexations and quarrels multiplied daily. At this period of public exasperation, the boys were much in the habit of building hills of snow, and of sliding from them to the pond on the Common.

The English troops, from the mere love of tantalizing, destroyed all their labors. The boys complained of the injury, and industriously set about repairs. However, when they returned from school, they found the snow hills again leveled.

Several of them now waited upon the British captain, to inform him of the misconduct of his soldiers. No notice was taken of their complaint, and the soldiers every day grew more and more provokingly insolent.

At last the boys resolved to call a meeting of all the largest boys in town, and to wait upon General Gage, Commander-in-Chief of the British forces. When shown into

his presence he asked, with some surprise, why so many children had called to see him.

"We come, sir," said the foremost, "to claim a redress of grievances."

"What! have your fathers been teaching you rebellion, and sent you here to utter it?"

"Nobody sent us, sir," replied the speaker, while his cheek reddened and his dark eye flashed. "We have never injured or insulted your troops; but they have trodden down our snow hills, and broken the ice on the skating ground. We complained, and they called us young rebels, and told us to help ourselves if we could. We told the captain of this, and he laughed at us. Yesterday our works were a third time destroyed; and now we will bear it no longer."

General Gage looked at them with undisguised admiration; and, turning to an officer who stood near him, he exclaimed, "Do you hear! the very children draw in a love for liberty with the air they breathe"; and then added, "You may go, my brave boys; and be assured that, if any of my troops hereafter molest you, they shall be severely punished."

* * *

The great secret of success in life is for a man to be ready when his opportunity comes.

—*Beaconsfield.*

PAUL REVERE

1735–1818

One of the prime movers in the famous Boston "Tea Party" was Paul Revere. Every one who reads this book knows about the tea which a company of Boston young men threw into Boston Harbor, to brew for John Bull's breakfast. It did brew, but it made rather a bitter drink for those who tried to tax the Americans for their tea.

Paul Revere's father was a goldsmith, an intelligent, industrious man who trained Paul to become skillful in drawing and designing and in all the work of their business.

For some years before the Revolutionary War began, there was considerable agitation in the Colonies, as our country was then called. The British wished to make the people of America do things which the Colonists believed were only for the benefit of England and would be an injury to themselves. The British sent over soldiers and war vessels to enforce the laws of England.

About thirty of the young men of Boston, one of whom was Paul Revere, formed themselves into a secret party to watch the British soldiers so as to report all their movements to the American patriots. At that time there was no gunpowder factory in Boston, but Revere went to Philadelphia

to learn how to make gunpowder, a very necessary article of war.

Henry W. Longfellow, the poet, has told in his poem, "Paul Revere," something about what these young patriots were doing and how they watched the English soldiers. It would seem, from the story of the poem, that some of the watchers had observed an unusual activity on board the British man-of-war which lay at anchor in Boston Harbor. The patriots concluded that the soldiers intended to attack the town and they formed a plan to protect themselves and defeat the English.

Paul Revere stationed one of his companions in the belfry of the old North Street Church, a point which commanded a view of the harbor, and instructed him how to signal so as to tell what the soldiers were doing. Revere himself crossed the Charles River and waited on the other side for the signal. Darkness and silence were over the town when suddenly the splash of an oar in the water near the British man-of-war, a quick movement of a shadowy mass gliding away from the ship, then another and another, told that the soldiers were engaged in something secret and important.

Soon Revere saw one light in the old belfry and he mounted the patient horse which had been standing by his side. Bending low he listened for a sound on the water, but, in a moment, he saw another light gleam out like a star, and Revere knew the British were approaching the town by sea. The signals were "One if by land, and two if by sea."

Away sped horse and rider, shooting out into the dark, to give the alarm to all the people in the county of Middlesex.

General Gage was commander of the British forces, and the patriots had learned that it was his intention to send troops to arrest John Hancock and Samuel Adams, who were in Lexington preparing to go to Philadelphia. It was their intention to be present at the Continental Congress. General Warren heard of Gage's plans and determined to be prepared to meet the enemy. He knew it was necessary to warn all the patriots from Boston to Concord, and that earnest, loyal men must be selected for the task. He chose Paul Revere and William Dawes. Revere was to take the route through Charlestown and Medford, and Dawes was to go by way of Roxbury, Brighton, and Watertown.

Well has the poet said when writing about Paul Revere's ride "that the fate of a nation was riding that night." Both men reached Lexington in the early morning of April 19, 1775, and immediately warned Hancock and Adams. Others were soon aroused and messengers were sent to the minute-men, who had been drilling and practising for months so as to be ready at a minute's warning. Here and there, across lots and along the country roads, the men were seen hastening to Lexington. Grim determination was on every face, for they resolved to defend their homes and liberties even to death.

Eight hundred British soldiers, under Major Pitcairn, formed in line in Lexington in the early dawn of that memorable morn of April 19, 1775, but like a wall stood a body

of minute-men ready to meet them. In loud tones Major Pitcairn called on the "rebels" to disperse; but silent and motionless stood the nation's advanced guard, less in numbers than their foe, but strong in the strength born of the justice of a right cause.

The British commander ordered his men to fire, and the patriots, knowing they could not cope successfully with a force so much greater than their own, retreated toward Concord. There they met more of their comrades and all decided to await the enemy at Concord Bridge, where later in the day they gave the British a warm reception. This was the bridge and the battle about which Emerson wrote when he said,

> "By the rude bridge that arched the flood,
> Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,
> Here once the embattled farmers stood
> And fired the shot heard round the world."

They did fire "the shot heard round the world," for here the Revolutionary War began. The farmers fought bravely and well and followed the British along the road toward Boston, firing at them from behind trees, rocks, hills, and walls.

The patriots were encouraged by this success to defend their rights, and the British learned that these untrained soldiers (backwoodsmen as they called them) knew many things not found in books and could shoot with the skill of any of the soldiers in old England.

KING SOLOMON AND THE BEES

JOHN G. SAXE

JOHN GODFREY SAXE, an American poet, journalist, lawyer, and lecturer, was born at Highgate, Vermont, June 2, 1816; died at Albany, New York, March 31, 1887. He is best known from his humorous poems, which include "Rhyme of the Rail," "The Proud Miss McBride," "Humorous and Satirical Poems," "Leisure-Day Rhymes," and other poems. In 1859 and in 1860 he was the unsuccessful Democratic candidate for governor of the State of Vermont.

When Solomon was reigning in his glory,
  Unto his throne the Queen of Sheba came
(So in the Talmud you may read the story),
  Drawn by the magic of the monarch's fame,
To see the splendors of his court, and bring
  Some fitting tribute to the mighty king.

Nor this alone; much had her Highness heard
  What flowers of learning graced the royal speech;
What gems of wisdom dropped with every word;
  What wholesome lessons he was wont to teach
In pleasing proverbs; and she wished, in sooth,
  To know if Rumor spoke the simple truth.

Besides, the queen had heard (which piqued her most)
How all the deepest riddles he could spy;
How all the curious arts that women boast
Were quite transparent to his piercing eye.
And so the queen had come—a royal guest—
To put the sage's cunning to the test.

And straight she held before the monarch's view,
In either hand, a radiant wreath of flowers;
The one, bedecked with every charming hue,
Was newly culled from Nature's choicest bowers;
The other, no less fair in every part,
Was the rare product of divinest Art.

"Which is the true, and which the false?" she said.
Great Solomon was silent. All amazed,
Each wondering courtier shook his puzzled head,
While at the garlands long the monarch gazed,
As one who sees a miracle, and fain,
For very rapture, ne'er would speak again.

"Which is the true?" once more the woman asked,
Pleased at the fond amazement of the king;
"So wise a head should not be hardly tasked,
Most learned Liege, with such a trivial thing!"
But still the sage was silent; it was plain
A deepening doubt perplexed the royal brain.

While thus he pondered, presently he sees,
Hard by the casement,—so the story goes,—
A little band of busy, bustling bees,
Hunting for honey in a withered rose.
The monarch smiled, and raised his royal head;
"Open the window!"—that was all he said.

The window opened at the king's command;
Within the room the eager insects flew,
And sought the flowers in Sheba's dexter hand!
And so the king and all the courtiers knew
That wreath was Nature's; and the baffled queen
Returned to tell the wonders she had seen.

. . . . . .

My story teaches (every tale should bear
A fitting moral) that the wise may find
In trifles light as atoms in the air
Some useful lesson to enrich the mind,
Some truth designed to profit or to please,—
As Israel's king learned wisdom from the bees!

Two things indicate a weak mind—to be silent when it is proper to speak, and to speak when it is proper to be silent. —*Persian Proverb.*

THE THREE CAKES

A certain carpenter, in a city near the sea, very covetous and very wicked, collected a large sum of money, and placed it in the trunk of a tree, which he set by his fireside, and of which he never lost sight.

"A place like this," he thought, "no one would suspect;" but it happened that while all his household slept, the sea overflowed its boundaries, broke down that side of the building where the log was placed, and carried it away. It floated many miles, and reached, at length, a city in which there lived a person who kept open house. Arising early in the morning, he perceived the trunk of a tree in the water, and thinking it would be of use to him, he brought it home. He was a liberal, kind hearted man and a great benefactor to the poor. It chanced one day that he entertained some Pilgrims in his house, and the weather being extremely cold, he cut up the log for firewood. When he had struck two or three blows with the ax, he heard a rattling sound; and cleaving it in twain, the gold pieces rolled out on the floor. Greatly rejoiced at the discovery, he put them by in a safe place, until he should ascertain who was the owner.

Now, the carpenter, bitterly lamenting the loss of his money, traveled from place to place in pursuit of it. He came by accident to the house of the hospitable man who had found the trunk. He failed not to mention the object

of his search; and the host, understanding that the money was his, reflected whether his title to it were good.

"I will prove," said he to himself, "if God wills that the money should be returned to him." Accordingly, he made three cakes, the first of which he filled with earth, the second with the bones of dead men, and in the third he put the gold which he had discovered in the trunk of the tree.

"Friend," said he, addressing the carpenter, "we will eat three cakes made of the best meat in my house. Choose which you will have."

The carpenter did as he was directed; he took the cakes and weighed them in his hand, one after another, and finding that the one filled with the earth weighed heaviest, he chose it.

"If I want more, my worthy host," added he, "I will have that"—laying his hand upon the cake containing the bones. "You may keep the third cake yourself."

"I see clearly," murmured the host, "I see very clearly that God does not will the money to be restored to this wretched man." Calling therefore the poor and infirm, the blind and the lame, he opened the cake of gold in the presence of the carpenter, to whom he spoke: "You miserable varlet, this is your own gold; but you preferred the cake of earth and the dead men's bones. I am persuaded, therefore, that God wills not that I return your money."

Without delay he distributed it all among the poor, and drove the carpenter away from the house.

ISHMAEL'S SON

A LEGEND IN EGYPT

MARY T. WAGGAMAN

MARY T. WAGGAMAN was born in Baltimore and was educated in the Convent of the Visitation, Mount de Sales, Baltimore County, Maryland. She began her writings at the early age of sixteen years, and has at different times written for papers, magazines, and periodicals. For the past seven years she has written almost exclusively for the Catholic public. Among her published books are "Tom's Luck-Pot"; "Buzzer's Christmas"; "Nan Nobody"; "Little Missy"; "Jack-o'-Lantern."

Across the wide, white desert sands,
The sunset shadows crept,
And through the breathless, burning air
A cooling murmur swept.
All day along the pathless walks,
By watchful Joseph led,
Sweet Mary with her Child Divine
From Herod's wrath had fled.

No shading palm, no gushing fount
Had cheered their weary way;
Now darkening into twilight gloom,
Their onward journey lay.

With anxious eyes St. Joseph gazed
Into the fading light,
And prayed that God would keep His own
In safety through the night.

E'en as he prayed, a tender strain
Came softly to his ear,
A voice of thrilling melody,
Low, sad, and sweet, and clear;
And hastening on with gladdened steps
Unto the guiding sound,
An Arab tent upon the sands
The saintly pilgrims found.

Its tawny curtains to the breeze
Wide open now were flung,
And here unto her wailing babe
An Arab mother sung.
"Sleep, sleep my child, my desert born;
I wake, I watch, I weep,
Draw life from this poor breaking heart:
Oh sleep, my baby, sleep."

Then startled to see strangers near,
The dark eyed singer rose,
And offered them with kindly smile,
Food, shelter, and repose.

Her lord, she said, a robber chief,
Strong, lawless, fierce, and wild,
Had left her in this desert tent
To nurse their dying child.

A pale, poor, puny, lifeless thing,
With dull, half-open eye,
And scaly skin that told its curse,
A leper born to die.
Yet lovingly the mother's gaze
Turned to the little face,
E'en as she served her stranger guests
With hospitable grace.

Cool water from her jars she brought
To lave their weary feet,
And set forth dates and milk and wine,
And bade them drink and eat.
Then safe in wandering Ishmael's tent
Pure Mary sank to rest,
While Jesus smiled in rosy sleep
Upon His mother's breast.

And when at dawn the strangers rose
To gratefully depart,
Said Mary: "Friend, fain would I soothe
The sorrows of thy heart;

But from men's wicked wrath I fly,
No gold, no gilt is mine,
Save this, my little Infant's robe
I give to thee, for thine."

A snowy little robe it was,
Of finest linen wrought
With all the quaint and graceful skill
To Temple maidens taught.
And from its spotless folds there came
A fragrance sweet and rare
Of Eastern myrrh and frankincense,
That filled the desert air.

A moment, by this gracious gift
From grief and tears beguiled,
The Arab mother placed the robe
Upon her dying child.
And lo! the little leprous form
With sudden rapture thrilled,
As if some blessèd flood of life,
Its parchèd veins had filled.

Soft flushed the little ashen cheek,
Bright grew the death-dimmed eye,
While from the rosy lips there came
A low, sweet, happy sigh.

And breathless with the wondrous joy
That swept her woman soul,
The mother clasped her leprous babe,
Made fair and sweet and whole!

. . . . . .

Long years had passed; 'twas that dread Noon
That shuddered into Night,
As though pale nature dared not gaze
On Calvary's cruel sight.
Beside the Cross where Christ our Lord
The world's redemption won,
On lesser gibbets fiercely writhed
Old Ishmael and his son.

With foaming cheek and staring eye
And shrieks that rent the air,
Old Ishmael, the robber chief,
Gave voice to his despair.
But wistfully the son's dark face
Turned to the thorn-crowned Brow;
"Lord, we have sinned, our doom is just,
But sinless all art Thou.

"Long years ago my mother taught
My lips to bless Thy name,
And told, how to our desert tent,
The Child called Jesus came.

Thou who didst cure the leprous babe,
I believe, I hope in Thee.
When Thou shalt to Thy kingdom come.
O Lord, remember me."

And Jesus turned His dying eyes
Upon the sin-bowed head:
"This day with me in Paradise,
Friend, thou shalt be," He said.
And lo, the spotless robe of grace
The contrite thief had won,
And first redeemed by Jesus' Blood,
Was fierce old Ishmael's son!

* * *

Good habits are the soul's muscles—the more you use them the stronger they grow.

—*Austin O'Malley.*

* * *

I love my books. They are companions dear,
Sterling in worth, in friendship most sincere;
Here talk I with the wise in ages gone,
And with the nobly gifted of our own.
If love, joy, laughter, sorrow please my mind,
Love, joy, grief, laughter in my book I find.

—*Francis Bennoch.*

THE EASTER VISION OF THE BROTHER SACRISTAN

SUSAN L. EMERY

MISS SUSAN L. EMERY is a convert to the Catholic Church. She was born in Dorchester, Massachusetts, and after graduating from the high school there she pursued her studies at a boarding-school in Greenfield, Massachusetts. On leaving school, she taught private pupils for some time, and then became assistant editor of the *Young Christian Soldier*, in New York. After her conversion she devoted herself for a long while to parish work in her native place, and has been for a number of years on the editorial staff of the *Sacred Heart Review* of Boston. Her writings have also appeared in the *American Catholic Quarterly*, *Donahoe's Magazine*, the *Catholic World*, the *Ave Maria*, *Harper's Magazine*, and other periodicals. She writes both prose and verse, and has compiled an "Every Day in the Year Book," from the spiritual writings of St. John of the Cross.

All along the Connecticut valley the snows were melting in the mild spring air; up in the balmy heavens the robin and lark sang clear; in the woods the trailing arbutus was blooming as fragrant and fair as its Plymouth Rock sisters beside the sea; and the sturdy little hepatica and frail wind-anemone nodded joyously to each other, for the happy days had come. Do we think the birds and flowers know nothing about Easter? Oh, anybody can see them keep it, who has eyes to see it! All nature is singing glad anthems to tell that Christ is risen with the spring.

In the great city the stately churches were flooded with

melody from organ and flute and viol, and the surpliced choirs chanted glad and gay, "Alleluia! Alleluia!" Magnificent altars were ablaze with manifold brilliant tapers, while glorious white lilies bent their fragrant chalices toward the one fairer chalice which the Precious Blood of the Risen Redeemer made more wonderfully fair than any pen can sing or pencil paint.

In the famous Jesuit church of the Gesu, famed throughout the old primatial city for its decorations of extraordinary loveliness, men said one to another: "Brother Rodriguez has surpassed himself to-day. The church was never so divinely beautiful before." And at High Mass the good Brother, hidden in a secluded nook behind the pulpit, looked with dim and dazzled gaze at the grandeur. It had grown to its perfection slowly, all night, under his practised eye and skillful hand, straight from his artist brain and holy heart of love; and he prayed beneath his breath:

"My risen Jesu, this is all for Thee. Surely I never worked like this before. All praise to Thy Sacred Heart! Is any church of Thine to-day more beautiful, and hast Thou any Sacristan more favored and more glad than I, unworthy though I be?"

A strange thing happened then to Brother Rodriguez, the like of which in all his long and arduous career as Sacristan had never before befallen him. Already, that day, he had served three Masses and he had been awake all night besides; but that was nothing unusual. Then, as usual also, he had crept for High Mass into that quiet corner where no

eye could see him that he might, for one brief hour, after his many hours of Martha-like devotion, take the part of Mary, and sit in loving silence at Jesus' feet. There, for once (and I do not think his loving Lord laid it up against His tired and faithful servant) the Brother Sacristan fell fast asleep.

He fell asleep while the choir was singing the Easter sequence; and, by the way, he always stoutly maintained that he was not sleeping, and that good Father Baptiste going up the pulpit stairs on his way to the sermon only saw his eyes closed because he was so moved by the Easter sermon joy. His eyes closed then, to express the situation more exactly, just as the singers cried out to one another joyously, as deep might call to deep on Easter Day, or star to star:

"Dic nobis, Maria,
Quid vidisti in via?
Sepulchrum Christi viventis
Et gloriam vidi resurgentis."

When he opened his eyes again, the singers were still tossing the "Amen, Alleluia" back and forth to each other, and up to radiant heaven, where the angels caught the echo, and treasured it close into the heart of their own Easter Alleluias around the throne of the Risen God on high. So you see, if he were really sleeping, it was for a brief space only; and if it was an answer to his simple-hearted prayer, and was a vision, truly time counts for little or nothing in ecstatic states like this.

In either case, the glorious sanctuary of the Gesu vanished from the enraptured gaze of the Brother Sacristan, and the jubilant chant of boys and men died away on the fragrant air. Instead he saw, or seemed to see, the fair Connecticut valley, with the broad peaceful river winding through it, and he thought that somehow its waters made very glad that Easter Day the Holy City of God. The green hills towered beyond it, up into the sunshine; and through the grassy meadows, up upon the rocky banks, and into copse and thicket, went a little maiden, holy and fair, though lame and hunchbacked. She was picking anemones and hepaticas and the fragrant, pink and white, hairy buds of the trailing arbutus; and she was saying, as she went, over and over again, only this: "For My Risen Jesu!" But such intensity of love and faith was in it that Brother Rodriguez cried out in his sleep—or in his ecstasy—very humbly, "Give me, O my Lord Jesus! give me the heart of a little child!"

What singing he heard! The sweetest boy soprano who ever sang "O Paradise" at the Gesu never sang like that. Hundreds of tiny cherubs that never knew one care, and never saw aught but joy and the beauty of holiness, were singing blithely; and as he heard them, every pain or anxiety the Brother Sacristan had ever known fled away from him as completely as though it had never been:

"Dic nobis, Maria!
Dic nobis, Maria!
Quid vidisti in via, Maria, Maria?"

The dear child made no answer, and it seemed to him they needed none. She only went on gathering hepatica and anemone and arbutus, and repeating, untiringly and most tenderly: "For Thee, my Risen Jesus; for Thee, for Thee, for Thee!" Then river and hill and thicket and meadow vanished, and the child and he were in a little upper room of a little farmhouse near the Windsor River Locks.

He saw a simple table draped in snowy white, with two wax candles burning; white curtained windows, holy pictures, and the early field flowers of the spring-time lavished everywhere. He saw the little maiden scatter them on the floor and table with love like to the angels. Then he saw on the plain linen cloth, on an opened corporal, a pyx case, and he knew that the Real Presence of the Living Christ was there. It seemed to him it was the midnight before Easter, and the little maid was Christ's Sacristan, like Magdalene, all alone, all, all alone, with her Blessed Lord.

Holding the last few fragrant sprays of Mary's flowers, the spring arbutus, close clasped to her faithful heart, she knelt at last before the table, her loving labors ended. There was silence now, no singing, no grandeur, and no glory. But he thought he heard the Lord's voice say "Maria!" and it seemed to Brother Rodriguez that Heaven was in this place. He thought the little Sacristan knelt down as the clock struck midnight, and he thought she still knelt there, and he saw her, through all the Easter brightness of that night of which it is written, "The night shall be as light as day." Yet, suddenly, he saw that holy peace

no longer. Again he heard the famous boy choir of the Gesu chanting, "Amen, Alleluia!" and suddenly he saw the beauty of his own sanctuary, that his own loving heart had designed and accomplished, flash fair and glorious again upon his dazzled eyes. Was it a dream?

On Easter Monday Father Baptiste came in with another Father, just returned from giving a mission. "I brought him to see the Easter decorations, Brother," the superior said, pleasantly. "Father Van Kirk had nothing of this sort at all where he spent Easter."

"No, Brother," Father Van Kirk continued; "I was in the Connecticut valley, near your own native land and mine, though farther south. I had a sick call and was detained all night in a farmhouse; and I had a little maid of thirteen years for my Sacristan; she had a humped back, but an angel's face. I believe she watched all night with our Lord, to my shame I say it. But we had no glorious decorations like yours, Brother; only field flowers and the wild birds singing. I had to travel ten miles to say my Mass in the poorest country church. Well, God has given you a great gift for making His house beautiful, Brother."

"And he uses it always for God's greater glory," Father Baptiste added; but the Brother Sacristan most humbly bent his head.

"I have seen," he said, "a place where the Lord's feet rested that was far more beautiful than this is; and a Sacristan far more favored and holy than this unworthy Brother can hope on earth to be."

THE YOUTH OF WASHINGTON

Every boy and girl in America has heard of George Washington. He was one of the greatest and best men that ever lived. He was a true lover of his country, and rendered her the most important services. His memory is deservedly cherished with the utmost pride, gratitude, and reverence by the American people. Portraits and busts of him are common everywhere, many lives of him have been written, and the leading events of his career should be known to all.

He was born in the county of Westmoreland, Virginia, on the twenty-second day of February, 1732. His father, Augustine Washington, was a man of large property, and owned a great deal of land. He was twice married. George was the oldest child of the second marriage; but there were two sons of the first marriage.

When he was only eleven years old he had the misfortune to lose his father. This was a great loss; but, on the other hand, he had the good fortune to have a most excellent mother. She was a woman of good sense, energy, decision, and strict religious principles. She had six children in all; but one of them died in infancy. She governed her little household kindly, but strictly; exacting from them prompt

obedience, but never requiring anything of them that was not proper and for their good.

Washington always felt the greatest possible respect and affection for his mother. When a boy he submitted cheerfully to her will, and when a man he treated her with uniform attention and deference. He had the good sense to see how much he was indebted, for his success in life, to the manner in which she had brought him up.

This excellent woman lived to the advanced age of eighty-two, long enough to see her illustrious son the object of universal gratitude and admiration, on the part of his countrymen; and to taste the pure pleasure of feeling that the good he had done, and the glory he had acquired, were in part to be ascribed to her guidance and counsels in his tender years.

Although Washington's father left an ample property, yet when it came to be divided after his death, and the children of the first marriage had taken their portion, there remained to the widow and her young family an estate sufficient for their comfortable support, but not enough for any uncommon expense, and requiring to be managed with care and economy in order to maintain them in a plain way.

Washington could not, therefore, be sent to any distant school to be educated; still less to England, as one of his elder brothers had been. He could only go to such schools as were kept in the neighborhood and those were of an inferior class. It was not easy then to acquire knowledge as it is now; books all came from England and were costly and

rare. Now good books can be obtained easily by all who have a taste for reading.

Washington was not taught many things which boys are taught now, but what he did learn he learned thoroughly and well. There were but few books which he could find to read; but those few he read attentively, so that he understood them perfectly. He was well instructed in writing and arithmetic and had a natural faculty for both.

Many of the copybooks which he used when a boy are still in existence. They are all kept very neatly. Some contain the rules of arithmetic and the most difficult sums under them, all written out in full; another has a whole course of book-keeping; another has copies of notes, receipts, and other papers used by lawyers and merchants; and in another several pieces of poetry are written. He frequently wrote his own name in different ways, and with a great variety of flourishes, as if he were forming his hand.

In one of these books are several pages containing what he calls rules of behavior in company and conversation. They were written out by Washington when he was about thirteen years old. Whenever he came across anything in a book which he read, that contained a good piece of advice as to how he should behave, he appears to have written it down in this book, so as to impress it on his memory. These rules include the subject of good morals as well as of good manners; and any one who adhered to them could not fail to be a good, a useful, and a happy man. The following are a few of these rules:

"In the presence of others, sing not to yourself with humming noise nor drum with your fingers and feet.

"Play not the peacock, looking everywhere about you to see if you be well decked, if your shoes fit well, if your stockings fit neatly, and your clothes handsomely.

"When you speak of God or His attributes, let it be seriously and in reverence. Honor and obey your natural parents, though they be poor. Labor to keep alive in your breast that little spark of celestial fire called conscience."

Many persons may think, in reading the account of Washington's early days, that he spent too much time in the manual labor of writing, and that it was a pity that so industrious a boy could not have learned other things, such as Latin and Greek, French, chemistry, or natural philosophy. But this constant use of the pen was of advantage to him in many ways. It made the practice of writing easy to him, so that afterward, when he grew up and was a general and president, and had much writing to do, it came natural to him, and he could do a great deal of it every day.

Besides, in this way Washington acquired the habit of expressing his thoughts on paper clearly and readily. His style was always simple, manly, and vigorous. Everybody could understand without any difficulty what he wrote. He thus learned to write a neat, legible, and flowing hand; and this accomplishment he never lost. All his letters and papers are in a clear and handsome handwriting, the lines are perfectly straight, and the words are nearly as easy to read as print.

This was always a great advantage to him; it is a great advantage to anybody to write a distinct and legible hand. When he was a general and a president, the men who had to read his letters and papers never lost any time in finding out what this or that word was.

Bonaparte, the great French general, and Emperor of France, wrote a very bad hand. He would sometimes send an order to an officer, requiring him to do something at once; but the poor officer would be utterly unable to make out what some of the most important words were. He would run about from one person to another, to see if they could help him read it; all the time in great alarm lest Bonaparte should be angry with him for not obeying his orders, but not daring to tell him he could not read his handwriting. Washington never gave anybody this trouble.

When Washington grew up, he became a planter, or farmer, and had a large estate to manage. The habits he had formed in his school boy days were now of much service to him. He kept books, containing his accounts, as carefully as a merchant; so that he always knew how much he was earning, and how much he was spending. Everything that happened on the farm, or in the family, was set down in a diary. All the letters he wrote when he was a general and president were copied into books; and the letters he received were carefully sorted and filed. All things were done in the most orderly and methodical manner.

Washington had a strong frame and a vigorous constitution; and these advantages he preserved and improved by

constant bodily exercise. He was the leader of his companions in all their sports. No one could run so fast as he, or leap so far, or throw a stone to so great a distance. He was also a very fine and bold rider, delighting to ride the most fiery horses and subdue their spirit.

This physical training was of great service to him, for it made him very strong and healthy. When he was a general, he had a great deal of hard work to do, and was exposed to much bad weather. He was obliged to be on horseback many hours at a time, sometimes in rain and snow, and sometimes under a hot sun; but his constitution was so strong that he was never made ill.

The moral qualities which distinguished Washington as a man were also conspicuous in him as a boy. He was a very steady, honest, and truthful boy, obedient and respectful to his mother and teachers, and attentive and diligent in his studies. He was much respected by his companions, and was often called upon to settle their disputes; and his decisions were always observed, because they were always just. He was a boy who inspired confidence; and any one who saw him would have said that he was sure to make a useful and respectable man.

He had by nature a violent temper, but he had the sense to see that no man can be useful or happy who is constantly getting into a passion; and he determined to rule his own spirit. He found this a harder task than to break a fiery horse, but he succeeded in doing it. In after life he always showed great patience and command of temper, and few

persons would have suspected that these virtues were not natural to him.

Washington was tall and well formed, his appearance on horseback was very noble and fine. Both as a youth and as a man he was attentive to his personal appearance, and always neatly dressed. His manners were grave and somewhat reserved, and there was something about him which inspired awe in all who approached him. As a youth, he was silent and bashful in mixed company, and at no period of his life was he much of a talker, nor had he that faculty of public speaking which is so common to our country.

The character and conduct of Washington present a model for the imitation of every American. The more a man is like Washington, the more worthy he is of being a citizen of a free republic, in which the people govern themselves.

BLESSED THOMAS MORE

Blessed Thomas More, the celebrated lord chancellor of England, took great delight in serving Mass, and on many occasions served several Masses in succession.

One day a courtier said to the chancellor that the king would be displeased at his lowering himself to fulfill the office of a mere acolyte.

"Surely," replied the chancellor, "the king cannot be displeased at the homage which I offer to *his* King."

TO MY INFANT SON

THOMAS HOOD

THOMAS HOOD, an English poet and humorist, was born in London, May 23, 1798; died there May 3, 1845. He began the study of engraving, but soon abandoned the arts, and, in 1821, became an under editor of the *London Magazine*. He began the *Comic Annual* in 1830 and *Hood's Magazine* in 1843. Some of his best works are "Whims and Oddities"; "Dream of Eugene Aram"; "Up the Rhine"; "Song of the Shirt"; and "Bridge of Sighs."

Thou happy, happy elf!
(But stop first let me kiss away that tear,)
Thou tiny image of myself!
(My love, he's poking peas into his ear.)
Thou merry, laughing sprite,
With spirits, feather light,
Untouched by sorrow, and unsoiled by sin;—
(My dear, the child is swallowing a pin!)

Thou little tricksy Puck!
With antic toys so funnily bestuck,
Light as the singing bird that wings the air,—
(The door! the door! he'll tumble down the stair!)
Thou darling of thy sire!
(Why, Jane, he'll set his pinafore afire!)
Thou imp of mirth and joy!

In love's dear chain so bright a link,
Thou idol of thy parents;—(Drat the boy!
There goes my ink!)
Thou cherub, but of earth;
Fit playfellow for fays by moonlight pale,
In harmless sport and mirth—
(That dog will bite him, if he pulls its tail!)
Thou human humming bee, extracting honey
From every blossom in the world that blows,
Singing in youth's Elysium ever sunny,
(Another tumble! That's his precious nose!)
Thy father's pride and hope!
(He'll break that mirror with that skipping-rope!)
With pure heart newly stamped from nature's mint,—
(Where did he learn that squint?)

Thou young domestic dove!
(He'll have that cup off with another shove.)
Dear nursling of the hymeneal nest!
(Are these torn clothes his best?)
Little epitome of man!
(He'll climb upon the table, that's his plan.)
Touched with the beauteous tints of dawning life
(He's got a knife!)
Thou enviable being!
No storms, no clouds, in thy blue sky foreseeing,
Play on, play on,
My elfin John!

Toss the light ball, bestride the stick,
(I knew so many cakes would make him sick!)
With fancies buoyant as the thistle-down,
Prompting the face grotesque, and antic brisk,
With many a lamb-like frisk!
(He's got the scissors, snipping at your gown!)
Thou pretty opening rose!
(Go to your mother, child, and wipe your nose!)
Balmy and breathing music like the south,
(He really brings my heart into my mouth!)
Bold as the hawk, yet gentle as the dove;—
(I'll tell you what, my love,
I cannot write unless he's sent above.)

* * *

MAXIMS TO GUIDE THE YOUNG

Always speak and act as in the presence of God. Drink no intoxicating liquor. Ever live, misfortunes excepted, within your income. Before you retire to bed, think over what you have done during the day.

Never speak lightly of religion. Make no haste to be rich if you would prosper. Small and steady gains give competency with tranquillity of mind.

Never play at any game of chance. Avoid the temptation, through fear that you may not withstand it. Earn your money before you spend it. Never run in debt, unless you see a way to get out of it.

THE LITTLE HERO OF HAARLEM

At an early period in the history of Holland, a boy, who is the hero of the following narrative, was born in Haarlem, a town remarkable for its variety of fortune in war, but happily still more so for its manufactures and inventions in peace. His father was a sluicer—that is, one whose employment it was to open and shut the sluices, or large oak gates, which placed at certain regular distances, close the entrances of the canals, and secure Holland from the danger to which it seems exposed—of finding itself under water, rather than above it.

When the water is wanted, the sluicer raises the sluices more or less, as required, and closes them again carefully at night; otherwise the water would flow into the canals, overflow them, and inundate the whole country. Even the little children are fully aware of the importance of a punctual discharge of the sluicer's duties.

The boy was about eight years old when, one day, he asked permission to take some cakes to a poor blind man, who lived at the other side of the dyke. His father gave him leave, but charged him not to stay too late. The child promised, and set off on his little journey. The blind man thankfully partook of his young friend's cakes, and the boy,

mindful of his father's orders, did not wait, as usual, to hear one of the old man's stories, but as soon as he had seen him eat one muffin, took leave of him to return home.

As he went along by the canals, then quite full, for it was in October, and the autumn rains had swelled the waters, the boy now stopped to pull the little blue flowers which his mother loved so well, and, in childish gayety, hummed some merry songs.

The road gradually became more solitary, and soon neither the joyous shouts of the village, coming from his cottage home, nor the rough voice of the carter, grumbling at his lazy horses, were any longer to be heard. The little fellow now perceived that the blue of the flowers in his hand was scarcely distinguishable from the green of the surrounding herbage, and he looked up in some dismay. The night was falling; not, however, a dark winter night, but one of those beautiful, clear, moonlight nights, in which every object is perceptible, though not as distinctly as by day.

The child thought of his father, of his injunction, and was preparing to quit the ravine in which he was almost buried, and to regain the beach, when suddenly a slight noise, like the trickling of water upon pebbles, attracted his attention. He was near one of the large sluices and he carefully examined it, and soon discovered a hole in the wood, through which the water was flowing.

With the quick perception which every child in Holland has regarding the water, the boy saw that the water must soon enlarge the hole, through which it was now only drop-

ping, and that utter and general ruin would be the consequence of the inundation of the country.

To see, to throw away the flowers, to climb from stone to stone till he reached the hole, and put his finger into it, was the work of a moment; and, to his delight, he found that he had succeeded in stopping the flow of the water. This was all very well for a little while, and the child thought only of the success of his device; but the night was closing in, and with the night came the cold. The little boy looked around in vain. No one came. He shouted—he called loudly—no one answered.

He resolved to stay there all night, but, alas, the cold was becoming every moment more biting, and the poor finger fixed in the hole began to feel benumbed, and the numbness soon extended to the hand, and thence throughout the whole arm. The pain became still greater, still harder to bear, but still the boy moved not.

Tears rolled down his cheeks as he thought of his father, of his mother, of his little bed, where he might now be sleeping soundly, but still the little fellow stirred not, for he knew that did he remove the small finger which he had opposed to the escape of the water, not only would he himself be drowned, but his father, his brothers, his neighbors—nay, the whole village.

We know not what faltering of purpose, what momentary failures of courage there might have been during that long and terrible night; but certain it is that at daybreak he was found, in a most painful position, by a clergyman returning

from an attendance at a death bed, who, as he advanced, thought he heard groans, and bending over the dyke, discovered a child seated on a stone, writhing from pain, and with pale face and tearful eyes.

"In the name of wonder, boy," he exclaimed, "what are you doing there?"

"I am hindering the water from running out," was the answer, in perfect simplicity, of the child, who during that whole night had been evincing such heroic fortitude and undaunted courage.

The Muse of history, too often blind to true glory, has handed down to posterity the name of many a warrior and of the destroyer of thousands of his fellow-men, but she has left us in ignorance of the name of this real little hero of Haarlem.

* * *

True worth is in being, not seeming;
In doing each day that goes by
Some little good—not in dreaming
Of great things to do by and by;
For whatever men say in their blindness,
And spite of the fancies of youth,
There's nothing so kingly as kindness,
And nothing so royal as truth.

—*Alice Cary.*

THE BIRTH OF OUR LADY

MARION J. BRUNOWE

MARION J. BRUNOWE was born in New York City. Her father, a well-known physician, removed with his family to Yonkers, where all now reside. She is a graduate of the famous Academy, Mt. St. Vincent-on-the-Hudson. Her first story was published in the *Ave Maria*, and the encouragement of the editor of this magazine was of great benefit to her. She has published "Seven of Us"; "A Lucky Family"; "The Ghost at Our School"; "The Sealed Packet"; "Laughter and Tears"; "Madcap Set at St. Anne's"; "Pearls from Faber"; "Short Stories"; "A Famous Convent School." She writes for many of the leading periodicals of the country.

In Nazareth, a city of lower Galilee not far from Mount Carmel, there dwelt a just man named Joachim of the tribe of Juda and of the royal race of David. His wife also came of a distinguished line of ancestors, those of the sacerdotal tribe; her name was Anne, which in Hebrew signifies *graceful.* "They were both," says the chronicler, "just before Jehovah, and walked in the way of His commandments with a perfect heart."

One great sorrow, however, clouded their lives; God had given them no child to comfort their hearts and brighten

their home. No innocent young eyes had ever smiled up into theirs, no baby arms had ever twined about their necks, no tiny form had ever nestled close against their bosoms. For twenty long years they had besought God with unceasing prayers and unnumbered good deeds to grant them this, the most ardent wish of their hearts. Just as they had about given up hope, and were resigning themselves to a barren and childless old age, their petition was most unexpectedly and most gloriously granted.

It was about the beginning of the month of Tisri, which is the first month of the civil year of the Jews, and corresponds to September in our reckoning of seasons, that at the dawn of day, a dawn which surely came "furrowing all the orient into gold," a little daughter was born into the family of Joachim and Anne. Herself the daughter of a line of kings, destined to be the Mother of the King of kings, her baby eyes opened not in one of the palaces of her race, but rather in a humble and obscure home in Nazareth of Galilee. Her parents, though so directly descended from the royal line, were of the people, plain and simple in their ways and tastes, and the wealth of love was the only wealth which surrounded the advent of their baby daughter. Her cradle was formed not of gold, as were the cradles of the little Hebrew princes; it was simply constructed of the flexible branches of beautiful trees. Neither was it covered with richly embroidered quilts, perfumed with spikenard, myrrh, and aloes, as was the custom in the houses of the great. No, the little arms which were one day to cradle the

Saviour of the world, were wrapped about in coverings of pure but inexpensive linen.

Among the Israelites it was the custom to assemble the family or kinsfolk on the ninth day, in order to give the new born child its name. On this occasion Joachim, the happiest of fathers, bestowed upon his daughter the name of Miriam (Mary), which in the Syriac language means lady, sovereign, mistress, and in Hebrew, "star of the sea."

"And assuredly," exclaims St. Bernard, "the Mother of God could not have a name more appropriate, nor more expressive of her high dignity, for Mary is in fact that fair and luminous star which shines over the vast and stormy sea of this world."

* * *

THE TWO PLOWSHARES

Once upon a time a blacksmith made two plowshares from the same piece of iron. A farmer bought them and put one in his plow, and the other he stored away until he should need it.

Several months later, needing the second one, he took it and carried it to the field. Behold, it was covered with rust.

"What," said the one which had been in use and was as bright as a mirror, "we were both alike once. How is it that you who have been resting are so rusty?"

"It is sloth," said the farmer, "that has made this one rusty and ugly; you who have been working have grown in brightness and beauty."

HOW THE CHRIST FLOWERS CAME

MARY BLANCHE O'SULLIVAN

Miss Mary B. O'Sullivan was born at St. John, N. B., educated in St. Vincent's Convent, and graduated from the Provincial Normal School. For some years she taught in the public schools of her native city, and while thus engaged also formed a literary connection, contributing short stories, essays, and descriptive articles to numerous publications in the United States and Canada. In order to devote her time more fully to literary work, Miss O'Sullivan took up her residence in Boston, in 1891, and in the following year became a staff contributor and department editor on *Donahue's Magazine*. During the editorship of Dr. Henry Austin Adams, Miss O'Sullivan was promoted to the position of associate editor, and on his resignation, in 1898, she assumed the responsible position she holds at present as the editorial head of this popular monthly.

It was Christmas eve in the Black Forest. The whirling snow touched the tree tops; the starry flakes clung to the branches or fluttered down, pure as rose petals wafted about by the breath of angels. Soon the frozen earth was hid from view and a great white world waited, in solemn expectation, the coming of the Christ-Child. Silence lay upon the forest. The charcoal burners tended their smoldering fires and dreamed of home, or, with simple faith, listened for the shepherds' message and the angels' song.

When the midnight hour was nigh, a sound broke the

stillness, the wail of a child in distress. The charcoal burners crossed themselves, and huddled closer to their fires.

"'Tis the cry from Bethlehem," said Johann reverently. "The Christ-Child is born."

"No child of the Black Forest would be abroad to-night?" asked Hans, uneasily. "It might not be one of our little children?"

"Not so," asserted Michael, a sturdy giant. "No hausmutter in the Black Forest could be so careless. Content thee, Hans, thy little ones snug in their cot dream of the angels, while thy good frau guards their sleep. It is as Johann says, the echo from Bethlehem, or mayhap we have nodded and dreamed."

Hans was silent, but presently stole away into the snow-wreathed depths of the forest. A voice in his heart was urging him on.

"May the star of Bethlehem guide me aright," he prayed. "If a child be abroad this holy night, lead me, dear God, to Thy little one."

Again the wail of distress smote upon his ear, a sob was the answer to his prayer; and stooping down, the charcoal burner lifted from the snow a babe scantily wrapped in swaddling clothes. Its feeble strength was almost spent, so placing it in his breast, Hans sped through the forest toward his home.

The hausmutter sat by her babes, her face, beautiful with mother-love, radiant in the glow of the Christmas lights burning on the humble tree. And so Hans found her.

"I have brought thee one more, Gretchen," he said as he placed the babe on her bosom. "Succor it for the Christ-Child's sake."

"Who was born to-night," answered the mother gently, and her love flowed out to the waif, warming it back to life.

The slumbering children stirred and wakened, and seeing the stranger, rose from their cots, and presently the hut rang with their rejoicing. The lights on the tree twinkled like stars. The children bore their guest toward it, loaded him with its choicest gifts, and played about him merrily, Hans and Gretchen looking on, a great content in their hearts.

Suddenly a radiance not of earth illumined the humble abode; the waif was encircled by a glory that deepened and spread, till the charcoal burner's hut became as an antechamber of heaven. Hans and Gretchen fell on their knees in adoration. The Babe they had harbored was passing from their vision, floating upward as if borne by angels' wings, His tiny hands outspread in parting benediction. The children wept for the loss of their playmate.

"Hush thee, my darlings," whispered the mother. "Know you 'twas the dear Christ-Child, who came to us and hath returned to Heaven. To-morrow thy father shall show thee the spot where he found the Holy Babe."

When the morrow came Hans led the little ones into the forest and where had been a bed of snow, lo! flowers bloomed, great waxen blossoms with hearts of gold and petals like silken floss!

"The Christ flowers!" cried little Greta, and kneeling before them, as at a shrine, the peasants solemnly recorded a vow to succor each Christmas day some poor child in honor of the Holy One, who had been their guest.

And so, in the Black Forest, is still held this legend of how the Chrysanthemums or Christ flowers came.

HEROES

DENIS A. McCARTHY

If so it be we are forbid by fate
To do the deeds that make a hero great,

Let's do our duty each one as we should,
And, lacking greatness, let's at least be good.

Oh, there are seeds of kindness to be sown
In hearts that never have such kindness known;

And words of gentleness and actions true
Are always possible for me and you.

'Tis true these seem of little worth, because
They do not win for us the world's applause.

But noble actions are not judged by size,
The great intent the action magnifies.

And though our names the world may never fill,
The ear of God may find them sweeter still.

A BOY ON A FARM

CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER

CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER, an American writer, was born at Plainfield, Massachusetts, in 1829. He graduated at Hamilton College in 1851. From 1856 until 1860 he practiced law in Chicago, and the following year became the managing editor of the Hartford *Press*. In 1884 he became associate editor of *Harper's Magazine*. Some of his best works are "Back Log Studies," "Being a Boy," "A Roundabout Journey," "Their Pilgrimage," and "The Golden House." He has also written interesting papers entitled, "Studies in the South," and "Studies in the Great West." He, together with Mark Twain, wrote "The Gilded Age."

Boys in general would be very good farmers if the current notions about farming were not so different from those they entertain. What passes for laziness is very often an unwillingness to farm in a particular way. Say what you will about boys, it is my impression that a farm without a boy would very soon come to grief. What the boy does is the life of the farm. He is the factotum, always in demand, always expected to do the thousand indispensable things that nobody else will do. Upon him fall all the odds and ends, the most difficult things.

After everybody else is through he has to finish up. His work is like a woman's—perpetual waiting on others. Everybody knows how much easier it is to eat a good dinner than it is to wash the dishes afterward. Consider what a

boy on a farm is expected to do; things that must be done or life would actually stop.

It is understood, in the first place, that he is to do all the errands, to go to the store, to the post-office, and to carry all sorts of messages. If he had as many legs as a centipede, they would tire before night. His short limbs seem to him entirely inadequate to the task. He would like to have as many legs as a wheel has spokes, and rotate about in the same way.

This he sometimes tries to do; and the people who have seen him "turning cart-wheels" along the side of the road have supposed that he was amusing himself and idling his time; he was only trying to invent a new locomotion, so that he could economize his legs and do his errands with greater dispatch.

He practices standing on his head, in order to accustom himself to any position. Leapfrog is one of his methods of getting over the ground quickly. He would willingly go on an errand any distance if he could leapfrog it with a few other boys. He has a natural genius for combining pleasure with business. This is the reason why, when he is sent to the spring for a pitcher of water, and the family are waiting at the dinner table, he is absent so long, for he stops to poke the frog that sits on the stone, or, if there is a penstock, to put his hand over the spout and squirt the water a little while.

He is the one who spreads the grass when the men have cut it; he mows it away in the barn; he rides the horse, to cultivate the corn, up and down the hot, weary rows; he

picks up the potatoes when they are dug; he drives the cows night and morning; he brings wood and water, and splits kindling; he gets up the horse, and puts out the horse. Whether he is in the house or out of it, there is always something for him to do.

Just before school in winter he shovels paths; in summer he turns the grindstone. He knows where there are acres of wintergreens and sweet flagroot; but instead of going for them, he is to stay indoors and pare apples and stone raisins and pound something in a mortar. And yet, with his mind full of schemes of what he would like to do, and his hands full of occupations, he is an idle boy, who has nothing to busy himself with but school and chores!

He would gladly do all the work if somebody else would do the chores, he thinks; and yet I doubt if any boy ever amounted to anything in the world, or was of much use as a man, who did not enjoy the advantages of a liberal education in the way of chores.

* * *

Young men, you are the architects of your own fortunes. Rely on your own strength of body and soul. Take for your star self-reliance. Energy, invincible determination, with a right motive, are the levers that move the world. Love your God and your fellow-men. Love truth and virtue. Love your country and obey its laws.

—President Porter.

THE SPACIOUS FIRMAMENT

JOSEPH ADDISON

JOSEPH ADDISON, a famous English writer, an essayist, a poet, a dramatist, and a statesman, was born in 1672 and died in 1719. He received the chief part of his school education at the "Charter House" and at "Queen's College." He is best known for his famous essays published in the *Spectator*, the *Guardian*, and the *Tattler*. His poem, "Peace of Ryswick," published in 1697, brought him a hundred pounds.

His essays are considered models of diction and are read by all who wish to acquire a polished style in writing.

The spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.
The unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's power display;
And publishes to every land
The work of an almighty hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale;
And, nightly, to the listening earth,
Repeats the story of her birth:

Whilst all the stars that round her burn
And all the planets, in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What though, in solemn silence all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball;
What though no real voice, nor sound,
Amidst their radiant orbs be found?
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice:
Forever singing as they shine,
"The hand that made us is Divine."

They are never alone who are accompanied with noble thoughts.

—*Sidney.*

One day a friend of St. Thomas of Aquin cried out to him: "Thomas, look at the flying ox!"

St. Thomas looked around in astonishment to see where the peculiar animal was, but saw nothing strange in any place.

The friend began to laugh, and said, "How easy it is to deceive you."

St. Thomas replied: "It is much easier to believe that an ox could fly than that a Christian could tell a lie."

TO THE FRINGED GENTIAN

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT, a noted American poet and journalist, was born in Cummington, Massachusetts, November 3, 1794; died in New York, June 12, 1878. In his twelfth year he composed verses. He studied at Williams College from 1810 until 1811, and two years later he took up the study of law. In 1815 he was admitted to the bar. The following year he published "Thanatopsis." He removed to New York in 1825 and soon became one of the editors of the New York *Evening Post*. This position he held for fifty years. Some of his best poems are "Thanatopsis," "The Ages," "To a Waterfowl," and "The Forest Hymn." He published a good translation of the Iliad and the Odyssey.

Thou blossom, bright with autumn dew,
And colored with the heaven's own blue,
That openest when the quiet light
Succeeds the keen and frosty night;—

Thou comest not when violets lean
O'er wandering brooks and springs unseen,
Or columbines in purple dressed,
Nod o'er the ground-bird's hidden nest.

Thou waitest late and com'st alone,
When weeds are bare and birds are flown.

And frost and shortening days portend
The aged year is near his end.

Then doth thy sweet and quiet eye
Look through its fringes to the sky;
Blue—blue—as if that sky let fall
A flower from its cerulean wall.

I would that thus, when I shall see
The hour of death draw near to me,
Hope, blossoming within my heart,
May look to heaven as I depart.

BEATITUDES

Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

Blessed are the meek, for they shall possess the land.

Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted.

Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after justice, for they shall be filled.

Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy.

Blessed are the clean of heart, for they shall see God.

Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God.

Blessed are they that suffer persecution for justice's sake, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

THE THREE KINGS

REV. FREDERICK W. FABER

Who are these who ride so fast o'er the desert's sandy road,
That have tracked the Red Sea shore, and have swum the torrents broad;
Whose camels' bells are tinkling through the long and starry night,—
For they ride like men pursued, like the vanquished of a fight?

Who are these that ride so fast? They are Eastern monarchs three,
Who have laid aside their crowns, and renounced their high degree;
The eyes they love, the hearts they prize, the well known voices kind,
Their people's tents, their native plains, they've left them all behind.

The very least of faith's dim rays beamed on them from afar,
And that same hour they rose from off their thrones to track the Star;

They cared not for the cruel scorn of those who called them
mad;
Messias' Star was shining, and their royal hearts were glad.

But a speck was in the midnight sky, uncertain, dim, and far,
And their hearts were pure, and heard a voice proclaim
Messias' Star;
And in its golden twinkle they saw more than common light,
The Mother and the Child they saw in Bethlehem by night!

And what were crowns, and what were thrones, to such a
sight as that?
So straight away they left their tents, and bade not grace to
wait;
They hardly stop to slack their thirst at the desert's limpid
springs
Nor note how fair the landscape is, how sweet the skylark
sings!

Whole cities have turned out to meet their royal cavalcade,
Wise colleges and doctors all their wisdom have displayed;
And when the Star was dim, they knocked at Herod's palace
gate,
And troubled with the news of faith his politic estate.

And they have knelt in Bethlehem! The Everlasting Child
They saw upon His mother's lap, earth's Monarch meek and
mild;

His little feet, with Mary's leave, they pressed with loving kiss,—
O what were thrones, O what were crowns, to such a joy as this?

One little sight of Jesus was enough for many years,
One look at Him their stay and staff in this dismal vale of tears:
Their people for that sight of Him they gallantly withstood,
They taught His faith, they preached His word, and for Him shed their blood.

Ah me! what broad daylight of faith our thankless souls receive,
How much we know of Jesus, and how easy to believe;
'Tis the noonday of His sunshine, of His sun that setteth never;
Faith gives us crowns, and makes us kings, and our kingdom is forever!

Oh, glory be to God on high for these Arabian kings,
These miracles of royal faith, with Eastern offerings;
For Gaspar and for Melchior and Balthazzar, who from far
Found Mary out and Jesus by the shining of a Star!

* * *

Conscience is a collector that presents the bills to passion.

—*Austin O'Malley.*

LITTLE CHRISTEL

MRS. MARY E. BRADLEY

MRS. MARY E. BRADLEY, a resident of Maryland, was born in 1835, and died in 1898. She wrote principally for girls, and two of her well-known books are "Douglas Farm" and "Grace's Visit."

Fräulein, the young school mistress, to her pupils said one day,
"Next week, at Pfingster holiday, King Ludwig rides this way;
And you will be wise, my little ones, to work with a will at your tasks,
That so you may answer fearlessly whatever question he asks.
It would be a shame too dreadful if the king should have it to tell
That Hansel missed in his figures, and Peterkin could not spell."

"O, ho! that never shall happen," cried Hansel and Peterkin too;
"We'll show King Ludwig, when he comes, what the boys in this school can do."
"And we," said Gretchen and Bertha, and all the fair little maids

Who stood in a row before her, with their hair in flaxen braids,
"We will pay such good attention to every word you say
That you shall not be ashamed of us when King Ludwig rides this way.'

She smiled, the young school mistress, to see that they loved her so,
And with patient care she taught them the things it was good to know.
Day after day she drilled them till the great day came at last,
When the heralds going before him blew out their sounding blast;
And with music, and flying banners, and the clatter of horses' feet,
The king and his troops of soldiers rode down the village street.

Oh! the hearts of the eager children beat fast with joy and fear,
And Fräulein trembled and grew pale as the cavalcade drew near;
But she blushed with pride and pleasure when the lessons came to be heard,
For in all the flock of the boys and girls not one of them missed a word,
And King Ludwig turned to the teacher with a smile and a gracious look:

"It is plain," said he, "that your scholars have carefully conned the book.

"But now let us ask some questions, to see if they understand;"
And he showed to one of the little maids an orange in his hand.
It was Christel, the youngest sister of the mistress fair and kind—
A child with a face like a lily, and as lovely and pure a mind.
"What kingdom does this belong to?" as he called her to his knee;
And at once—"The vegetable," she answered quietly.

"Good," said the monarch, kindly, and showed her a piece of gold:
"Now tell me what this belongs to—the pretty coin that I hold."
She touched it with careful finger, for gold was a metal rare,
And then—"The mineral kingdom," she answered with confident air.
"Well done for the little mädchen!" And good King Ludwig smiled
At Fräulein and her sister, the teacher and the child.

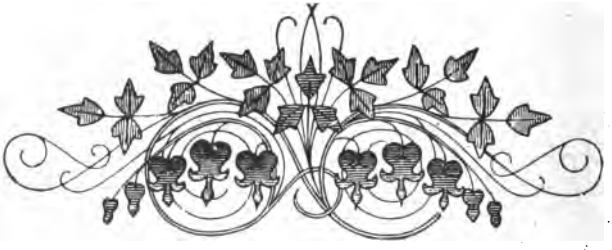
"Now answer me one more question"—with a twinkle of fun in his eye;
"What kingdom do I belong to?" For he thought she would make reply,

"The animal;" and he meant to ask with a frown if that
was the thing
For a little child like her to say to her lord and master, the
King?
He knew not the artless wisdom that would set his wit at
naught,
And that the little Christel guessed nothing at all of what
was in his thought.

But her glance shot up at the question, and the brightness
in her face,
Like a sunbeam on a lily seemed to shine all over the place.
"What kingdom do you belong to?" her innocent lips re-
peat;
"Why, surely, the kingdom of heaven!" rings out the an-
swer sweet.
And then for a breathless moment a sudden silence fell,
And you might have heard the fall of a leaf as they looked
at little Christel.

But it only lasted a moment, then rose as sudden a shout—
"Well done! well done for little Christel!" and the bravos
rang about.
For the King in his arms had caught her, to her wondering
shy surprise,
And over and over he kissed her with a mist of tears in his
eyes.
"May the blessing of God," he murmured, "forever rest on
your head!

Henceforth, by His grace, my life shall prove the truth of
what thou hast said."
He gave her the yellow orange and the golden coin for her
own,
And the school had a royal feast that day whose like they
had never known.
To Fräulein, the gentle mistress, he spoke such words of
cheer
That they lightened her anxious labor for many and many
a year.
And because in his heart was hidden the memory of this
thing,
The Lord had a better servant, the people a wiser king.



A CHRISTIAN HERO

Vincent Ferrer was born in Valencia, in the southwest of Spain, on January 23, 1357. Vincent's father was a notary of the city of Valencia, a man well known for his religious principles and for his charity to the poor. It was his custom every year to make a careful calculation of how much was required for the support of his family, and to bestow all the rest in works of charity.

The flower of his family was Vincent. In Vincent's earliest years his obedience and sweetness of temper were noticed by all, and even his playmates became better children because of his influence. When very young he began to show great devotion to the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, and to the hearing of sermons where he heard the praises of God, the Blessed Mother, and the Saints.

Not only was Vincent remarkable for goodness and early piety; he also excelled in learning, but his modesty equalled his learning. When he was eighteen years of age he decided to enter the order of St. Dominic, and he was admitted to the novitiate early in February, 1374.

His first care was to become well acquainted with the life of his new Father, St. Dominic, in order that he might imitate, as far as possible, the virtues of that great saint. Be-

sides the other religious virtues he noticed in St. Dominic, he was particularly struck with his love of sacred learning. From a study of St. Dominic's life our Vincent learned the great lesson of love for the Holy Scriptures. He studied the Bible day and night until he knew it almost by heart.

All these things have been said about him to show with what care he prepared himself for the great work he was called upon to do for God. He lived at a time when many people seemed to think more of the pleasures of the world than of the joys of heaven.

St. Vincent Ferrer, for as such we know him now, thought no study too difficult, no preparation too great, to prepare himself to deliver even one sermon on the necessity of serving God and on the means of salvation. Whenever he was sent to preach and teach, multitudes flocked to hear him, and the kings and princes honored him. The people received him as if he were one of the apostles.

Until about the age of fifty-five, he was accustomed to walk from one place to another, often traveling all day under the hot sun or the heavy rain. Very early in the morning he entered the church in which he was to preach, unless the sermon, as happened frequently, was to be in the open air, that all might attend. First he sang Mass, that being his daily custom, and his face shone with heavenly joy, and tears glistened on his cheeks when he sang, with sweetest tones, "Sursum Corda," "Lift up you hearts."

So great were his powers as a preacher and teacher of truth that in Spain alone he converted 25,000 Jews and

8,000 Saracens. In places where he preached, not only while he remained, but for long after, vice seemed to have taken flight. No general of a large army ever won greater victories over his enemies than St. Vincent Ferrer won over sin and evil. The interesting things that might be told about his life would fill a large volume. He well deserves to be called "the most wonderful Christian hero of the fourteenth century."

—Adapted from Rev. Bertrand Wilberforce, O. P.

* * *

THE DIVINE GUEST

It is related of Blessed Henry Suso, a holy Dominican friar, that each day as the hour of meals came round, he would kneel in spirit at the feet of Jesus and beg Him to become his Guest at the table. After earnestly making this request, the holy man would go to the table and conduct himself in every way as if our Lord were sitting opposite to him. He would ask Jesus to bless the food, he would speak in gentle tones, and frequently he would bow his head to salute the Divine Guest.

It was his custom to drink but five draughts in honor of the five wounds. He often divided his food into three or four portions, for the Three Persons of the Blessed Trinity and the Blessed Virgin. A portion from each was given for charity.

ST. FRANCIS AND THE TURTLE DOVES

Once upon a time a young man caught a number of turtle doves, and putting them in a basket he started for the market, intending to sell them. He thought he could soon dispose of such plump wild doves. On his way he met St. Francis, who looked at the doves with eyes of pity, and said to the young man:

"O good youth, I pray you to give me these gentle birds. In the Holy Scriptures, good and humble souls are compared to doves." With the sweetest of looks and the most winning of voices he continued: "Give the doves to me, good youth, and do not allow cruel men to have them."

The young man gave him the doves, and St. Francis pressed them to his bosom and said to them: "O my little sisters, simple and innocent doves, why have you let yourselves be snared? See, I will snatch you from death and make nests for you, wherein you may increase and multiply according to the commandments of our Creator."

St. Francis made nests for them all, and soon there were eggs in the soft, warm beds. The doves sat on their eggs and seemed to have no fear of the Brothers. Indeed they were as tame as if they had always lived in a monastery with the good Fathers, instead of flying wild in the forest which had been their home before St. Francis took them.

When the eggs were hatched and the young doves were able to take care of themselves, St. Francis gave them his blessing and told them they might go back to their old home among the leafy trees. One morning they flew away. Before leaving it seemed as if they were trying to say good-by to St. Francis as they circled around his head and perched on his shoulders, and then spread their wings and flew off to their old home.

St. Francis said to the young man who gave him the gentle turtle doves: "Little son, thou wilt yet be a Brother in this order and wilt serve Jesus Christ nobly." In time this came to pass, and the youth became a Franciscan Brother and lived a noble life in the order.

—Adapted from "The Little Flowers of St. Francis."

Our grand business is not to see what lies dimly at a distance, but to do what lies closely at hand. *—Carlyle.*

I would not enter on my list of friends
(Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility) the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.
An inadvertent step may crush the snail
That crawls at evening in the public path;
But he that has humanity, forewarned,
Will tread aside, and let the reptile live.

—William Cowper.

GESSLER AND WILLIAM TELL

More than five hundred years ago, the country of Switzerland was under the Austrian Government, and the people were treated little better than slaves. They were made to pay very heavy taxes, and to perform the most menial offices, while the Austrians lived upon the fruits of their labor and governed them as with a rod of iron.

One of the Austrian governors, of the name of Gessler, was a very great tyrant, and did all he could to break the spirit of the Swiss people; but it was with little success. They were fond of liberty, and were ready to make any sacrifice to obtain the blessings of freedom.

Gessler went so far in his tyranny as to command his hat to be placed on a high pole in the market-place, and ordered that every Swiss who passed it should bow to it. The poor Swiss people did not like this; but they were afraid to disobey the order, as they knew that imprisonment or death would be the consequence of their disobedience.

There was, however, one noble minded man who was afraid neither of imprisonment nor death, and who refused to bow to Gessler's hat. His name was William Tell. He not only refused to bow to the hat, but incited his countrymen to throw off the Austrian yoke.

He was soon seized and brought into the presence of

the tyrant. William Tell was a famous bowman, and had his bow and arrows upon his person when he was seized. Gessler told him that he had forfeited his life, but proposed that he should exhibit a specimen of his skill as an archer, promising that if he could hit an apple at a certain distance, he should be free.

Tell was glad to hear this, and began to have a better opinion of the governor than he deserved; but the cruel tyrant called forward Tell's only son, a young boy, and placed the apple on his head, bidding his father shoot it off.

When Tell saw this he nearly fainted, and his hand trembled so much that he could scarcely place the arrow in the string. There was, however, no alternative; he must attempt the feat or die; but that which unnerved his arm was the fear that his skill might fail him, and that he might kill his only son.

His child, seeing his father's distress, sought to console him. "I am sure you will not hit me, father," said he. "I have seen you strike a bird on the wing at a great distance, and I will stand quite still."

The ground was now measured, and the boy was placed against the tree. It is impossible to understand what the unfortunate Tell felt as he prepared to shoot. Twice he leveled his arrow, but dropped it again. His eyes were so blinded by his tears that he could scarcely see the apple. At length he summoned up all his courage, dashed the tears from his eyes, and bent his bow. Away went the

arrow, and, piercing the apple, cut it in two, and embedded itself in the tree!

The spectators, who had been breathlessly watching the result, shouted and applauded. Tell was taken to Gessler, who was about to set him free, when he observed another arrow sticking under his girdle. "Ha!" said he, "another arrow! Why that concealed weapon?"

"It was destined for you," replied Tell, "if I had killed my son."

For this daring threat, Tell was again seized by the tyrant's soldiers, and was hurried away to be put to death; but being a strong and resolute man he made his escape, and, fleeing into the mountains, incited the people to throw off the tyrant's yoke. They accordingly took up arms, and made Tell their leader.

Not long after, Tell was again captured, and put into a boat with Gessler and his men, to be carried across one of the lakes. A violent storm arose, and Gessler, knowing that Tell was a bold and expert sailor, ordered his men to release him from his chains, that he might guide the boat safely through the storm.

No sooner did Tell take the command than he steered the boat toward the shore. As soon as it reached the rocks, he leaped out, before any one else could land, and, snatching a concealed arrow from his person, took aim at the tyrant and shot him dead where he sat. After this Tell roused the people again. After a long war they gained their freedom, and Switzerland is a free country to this day.

LIFE'S HEROES

REV. ARTHUR BARRY O'NEILL, C.S.C.

Not alone is he a hero who is brave where cannon thunder,
Or with ardor hastes to mingle in the carnage of the strife;
Greater deeds by nobler soldiers oft elicit naught of wonder,
For the field whereon they act them is the battlefield of life.

'Tis not always he whose name is blazoned fair in Honor's story,
Who most merits from his fellows glowing tributes to his might;
Oft a higher, purer hero acts a part unknown to glory,
Acts it simply as his duty, struggling bravely in the right.

Striking ventures, deeds uncommon, feats of rash, instinctive daring,
Do not always mark the presence of a courage real, true;
Better far the reasoned action of a heart no effort sparing,
First to know what deed is worthy, then that deed forthwith to do.

Call him hero, if you wish it, who in storm or conflagration,
Risks his life in deadly peril to preserve a friend or foe;
Still the act, though brave, may cost him far less trouble and vexation
Than the slightest manly effort to restrain his passion's flow.

E'en ignoble men and hardened, nature's coarse and wholly brutal,
Sometimes, spurred by love of plaudits, seem to play the hero's rôle;
Theirs is but a noble purpose, and their claim must e'er prove futile,
If they wish their names as heroes fair inscribed on Honor's scroll.

See the oft-recurring struggles, daily combats, trials bitter
That beset the faithful Christian, striving for celestial crown;
Is not he who here is victor far more noble, better, fitter
To receive our glad acclaim and win a lasting bright renown?

Some there are, both high and lowly, who repine not when they're smitten,
Cheerful while their spirits quiver 'neath affliction's heavy rod:

These are heroes, brave and worthy, and their names are ever written,
Not on fleeting human records, but in volumes penned by God.

* * *

ON THE RHINE

WILLIAM LISLE BOWLES

WILLIAM LISLE BOWLES; born at King's Sutton, Northamptonshire, England, September 24, 1762; died at Salisbury, England, April 7, 1850. He is known as a poet and antiquary. Some of his best literary productions are, "Fourteen Sonnets"; "Ellen Gray"; "St. Michael's Mount"; "Sorrows of Switzerland"; and the "Spirit of Discovery." He left many prose writings, including "Hermes Britannicus."

'Twas morn, and beautiful the mountain's brow.
Hung with the clusters of the bending vine,
Shone in the early light when on the Rhine
We sailed and heard the waters round the prow
In murmurs parting. Varying as we go,
Rocks after rocks come forward and retire,
As some gray convent wall or sunlit spire
Starts up along the banks, unfolding slow.
Here castles, like the prisons of despair,
Frown as we pass! There on the vineyard's side,
The bursting sunshine pours its streaming tide,
While grief, forgetful amid scenes so fair,
Counts not the hours of a long summer's day,
Nor heeds how fast the prospect winds away.

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY

JAMES JEFFREY ROCHE

JAMES JEFFREY ROCHE

JAMES JEFFREY ROCHE, poet, author, journalist; born at Mountmellick, Queen's County, Ireland, 1847; died at Berne, Switzerland, April 3, 1908. At an early age his family moved to Prince Edward's Island. His elementary education was obtained in a school directed by his father, Edward Roche, an accomplished scholar and teacher. He took the classical course at St. Dunstan's College, Charlestown. For seventeen years after he came to Boston, in 1866, he was engaged in commercial pursuits, but he continued to write articles for the press. He was for years connected with the *Detroit Free Press* and the Boston *Pilot*, becoming John Boyle O'Reilly's assistant on the *Pilot* in the year 1883. After the death of the editor, in 1890, he became editor-in-chief of the journal. His writings rank him high as a poet and journalist. Among his chief works are "Songs and Satires"; "Life of John Boyle O'Reilly"; "His Majesty the King"; "By Ways of War"; "The V-A-S-E and other Bric-a-Brac"; "Songs of Blue Water"; "Story of Filibusters."

August 10, 1890.

Have thy people climbed to Nebo?
  Is the Promised Land in sight,
And the pleasant fields of Canaan
  Radiant in the morning light?

Strike the harp, and sound the timbrel,
  For the weary night is past,

For their wanderings are over,
And the day hath come at last.

Lift on high the little children;
Lead the elders forth to see;
Let the maidens sing in gladness
Of the joy that is to be.

Now for them the bulwarks totter,
Now for them the Jordan dries,—
But our chief is dead on Phasga;
In the stranger land he lies.

Wonder not if we be silent;
Chide not if our eyes be dim;
We are mourning for our Prophet—
Israel hath no more like him!

Thou must learn to beat down self in many things, if thou wouldst live in peace and concord with others.

—*Thomas à Kempis.*

Lost, yesterday, somewhere between sunrise and sunset. two golden hours, each set with sixty diamond minutes. No reward offered, for they are gone forever.

—*Horace Mann.*

THE DESCENT OF THE HOLY GHOST

After our Lord had ascended into heaven, the apostles and His Mother waited hopefully for the coming of the Holy Ghost whom Jesus had promised. The apostles knew they had a great work to do, to go out into the world and give to men the message which the Lord Jesus had delivered to them.

When the fiftieth day after the Resurrection and the tenth after the Ascension were accomplished, they all assembled together in one place to await the coming of the Holy Ghost who had been promised.

Suddenly there came a sound from heaven, as of a mighty wind, and it filled the whole house where they were sitting; and there appeared to them parted tongues, as it were, of fire, and sat upon every one of them. They were all filled with the Holy Ghost, and they began to speak with divers tongues according as the Holy Ghost gave them to speak.

At this time there were in Jerusalem Jews, devout men out of every nation under heaven; and when this was noised abroad the multitude came together, and were confounded in mind, because that every man heard them speak

in his own tongue. They were all amazed and wondered, saying:

"Behold are not all these, that speak, Galileans? Now have we heard, every man, our own tongues wherein we were born? Parthians and Medes and Elamites and inhabitants of Mesopotamia, Judea, Cappodocia, Pontus, Asia, Phrygia, Pamphilia, Egypt, and the parts of Lybia about Cyrene, and strangers of Rome; Jews, also, and proselytes, Cretes, and Arabians are in this multitude who have listened to these men; and we have all heard them speak in our own tongues of the wonderful works of God!"

They were all astonished and wondered, saying one to another: "What meaneth this?"

—Adapted from Bible, Acts, c. 2.

BEHIND TIME

FREEMAN HUNT

A railroad train was rushing along at almost lightning speed. A curve was just ahead, beyond which was a station, at which two trains usually met. The conductor was late, so late that the period during which the up-train was to wait had nearly elapsed; but he hoped yet to pass the curve safely. Suddenly a locomotive dashed into sight right ahead. In an instant there was a collision! A shriek, a shock, and fifty souls were in eternity; and all because an engineer had been behind time.

A great battle was going on. Column after column had been precipitated, for eight hours, on the enemy posted on the ridge of a hill. The summer sun was sinking in the west; reinforcements for the obstinate defenders were already in sight. It was necessary to carry the position with one final charge, or everything would be lost.

A powerful corps had been summoned from across the country, and if it came in season all would yet be right. The great conqueror, confident in its arrival, formed his reserve into an attacking column, and led them down the hill. The world knows the result. Grouchy failed to appear; the Imperial Guard was beaten back; Waterloo was

lost! Napoleon died a prisoner at St. Helena, because one of his marshals was behind time.

A leading firm in commercial circles had long struggled against bankruptcy. As it had large sums of money in California, it expected remittances by a certain day; and if they arrived, its credit, its honor, and its future prosperity would be preserved. Week after week elapsed without bringing the gold.

At last came the fatal day on which the firm was bound to meet bills which had been maturing to enormous amounts. The steamer was telegraphed at daybreak; but it was found, on inquiry, that she brought no funds, and the house failed. The next arrival brought nearly half a million to the insolvents, but it was too late; they were ruined because their agent, in remitting the money, had been behind time.

A condemned man was led out for execution. He had taken a human life, but under circumstances of the greatest provocation, and public sympathy was active in his behalf. Thousands had signed petitions for a reprieve; a favorable answer had been expected the night before, and though it had not come, even the sheriff felt confident that it would yet arrive. Thus the morning passed without the appearance of the messenger. The last moment was up. The prisoner took his place on the drop, the cap was drawn over his eyes, the bolt was drawn, and a lifeless body hung suspended in the air. Just at that moment a horseman came into sight, galloping down hill, his steed covered with

foam. He carried a packet in his right hand, which he waved frantically to the crowd. He was the express rider with the reprieve; but he came too late. A comparatively innocent man had died an ignominious death because a watch had been five minutes too slow, making its bearer arrive behind time.

It is continually so in life. The best laid plans, the most important affairs, the fortunes of individuals, the weal of nations, honor, happiness, life itself, are daily sacrificed because somebody is "behind time." There are men who always fail in whatever they undertake simply because they are "behind time." There are others who put off reformation year by year till death seizes them, and they perish unrepentant because forever "behind time."

Five minutes, in a crisis, are worth years. It is but a little period, yet it has often saved a fortune or redeemed a people. If there is one virtue that should be cultivated more than another, it is punctuality; if there is one error that should be avoided, it is being "behind time."

* * *

A miser grows rich by seeming poor; an extravagant man grows poor by seeming rich. —*Shenstone.*

* * *

Recollect that trifles make perfection, and that perfection is no trifle. —*Angelo.*

A PLEASANT INCIDENT

LOUISA M. ALCOTT

LOUISA M. ALCOTT. Born in Germantown, Pennsylvania, November 29, 1832; died in Boston, Massachusetts, March 6, 1888. Her journal, which she began at ten years of age, reveals some of the poverty she had to endure and the sacrifices she made for her family. In early life she taught school, and during the Civil War she served as an army nurse. Her "Hospital Sketches" were well received; and to-day "Little Women," "Little Men," "An Old-Fashioned Girl," "Eight Little Cousins," and others of her books are read with pleasure. One cannot help but notice the beautiful lessons of self-sacrifice and duty that are taught in her books.

Sitting in a station the other day, I had a little sermon preached in the way I like; and I'll report it for your benefit, because it taught one of the lessons which we all should learn, and taught it in such a natural, simple way that no one could forget it.

It was a bleak, snowy day; the train was late; the ladies' room dark and smoky; and the dozen women, old and young, who sat waiting impatiently, all looked cross, low-spirited, or stupid. I felt all three and thought, as I looked around, that my fellow-beings were a very unamiable, uninteresting set.

Just then a forlorn old woman, shaking with palsy, came

in with a basket of wares for sale, and went about mutely offering them to the sitters. Nobody bought anything, and the poor old soul stood blinking at the door a minute, as if reluctant to go out into the bitter storm again.

She turned presently, and poked about the room, as if trying to find something. A pale lady in black, who lay as if asleep on a sofa, opened her eyes, saw the old woman, and instantly asked, in a kind tone: "Have you lost anything, ma'am?"

"No, dear. I'm looking for the heating place, to have a warm before I go out again. My eyes are poor, and I don't seem to find the furnace anywhere."

"Here it is," and the lady led her to the steam radiator, placed a chair, and showed her how to warm her feet.

"Well, now, isn't that nice!" said the old woman, spreading her ragged mittens to dry. "Thank you, dear; this is proper comfortable, isn't it? I'm almost frozen today, being lame and feeble, and not selling much makes me down-hearted."

The lady smiled, went to the counter, bought a cup of tea and some sort of food, carried it herself to the old woman, and said, as respectfully and kindly as if the poor woman had been dressed in silk and fur: "Won't you have a cup of hot tea? It's very comforting such a day as this."

"Sakes alive! do they give tea in this depot?" cried the old lady, in a tone of innocent surprise that made a smile go round the room, touching the gloomiest face like a streak of sunshine. "Well, now, this is just lovely," added the old

lady, sipping away with relish. "This just warms my heart!"

While she refreshed herself, telling her story meanwhile, the lady looked over the poor little wares in the basket, bought soap and pins, shoestrings and tape, and cheered the old soul by paying well for them.

As I watched her doing this, I thought what a sweet face she had, though before I had considered her rather plain. I felt dreadfully ashamed of myself that I had grimly shaken my head when the basket was offered to me; and as I saw the look of interest, sympathy, and kindliness come into the dismal faces around me, I did wish that I had been the magician to call it out.

It was only a kind word and a friendly act, but somehow it brightened that dingy room wonderfully. It changed the faces of a dozen women, and I think it touched a dozen hearts, for I saw many eyes follow the plain, pale lady with sudden respect. When the old woman was about to leave, several persons beckoned to her and bought something, as if they wanted to repair their first negligence.

Old beggar women are not romantic; neither are cups of tea, bootlaces, and colored soap. But that simple little act of charity was as good as a sermon to those who saw it, and I think each traveler went on her way better for that half-hour in the dreary station. I can testify that one of them did, and nothing but the emptiness of her purse prevented her from "comforting the hearts" of every forlorn old woman whom she met for a week after.

THE LEGEND OF ST. FRIDA

SARAH D. HOBART

There was once an ancient city
  Beside the silvery sea,
Where the white ships lay at anchor,
  And the glad waves tossed in glee.

And down by the wharves the houses
  Were low and dark and small;
And beyond the streets were spacious
  And the mansions grand and tall.

Here loathsome vice was hidden,
  There virtue walked secure;
And those were the homes of the wealthy,
  And these were the haunts of the poor.

In a dark and lonely garret,
  Where the sunlight's radiant flame
Through the narrow cobwebbed windows
  Feebly and faintly came,

Alone in the rosy morning,
  Alone in the twilight shade,
With God and her precious lily
  Dwelt a little orphan maid.

All day through the crowded city
  She begged her bitter bread,
And at night in the lonely garret
  She laid her weary head.

And as one eve she lingered
  By the old cathedral grim,
Where swelled the organ's music
  And rang the holy hymn,

Amid the roll of anthems,
  And wailing of the psalms,
She heard the old priest pleading,
  "Bring, bring to the Lord thine alms!"

Through sounding aisles and arches,
  It rang like a trumpet call;
"Who gives to the dear Lord Jesus
  The holiest gift of all?"

"I am small and poor," said Frida,
  "No offering can I bring
Save my flower, within whose petals
  Is folded an Angel's wing,—

"My lily, with snow-white blossoms,
And green leaves arching o'er;
But life will be darker than ever
When it blooms for me no more."

The wind from the distant forest
Came with a dirge-like moan.
"Why should I fear?" said Frida,
"Will the Lord not keep His own?"

Then home she ran through the darkness,
And out from the garret's gloom
She brought her beautiful lily
With its fragrant, rare perfume.

Her eyes were sadly tearful
As she passed through the wondering throng;
But she thought of the holy Saviour,
And her fainting heart grew strong.

And she said, while her blue eyes brightened
With the light of a love divine:
"I give to the dear Lord Jesus
The only treasure mine!"

Gold gleamed upon the altar
And gems of richest cost,
But the priest said, bending reverent,
"This child hath given the most!"

Then lo, a beauteous marvel!
The dew-drops pearls became;
Each flower was a golden lily,
Each leaf was a leaf of flame;

And there beside the altar
The Christ-Child seemed to stand,
And the crown reserved for the sainted
Gleamed bright within His hand,

And His voice in silvery accents
Rang through the lofty hall;
"A crown of light for Frida
Who gives to the Lord her all!"

Ah! richer than gold or silver,
And wealth and rank above,
In the sight of the dear Lord Jesus
Is a child's unsullied love.

With heavenly store forever
Doth He repay our gifts,
And when we take our burden
Its weight from our hearts He lifts.

For thorns He gives us roses,
Bright smiles for earth's cold frowns;
For moans the harp's glad music,
And for crosses golden crowns!

SAINT PAUL

After the Resurrection and Ascension of our Lord, and the descent of the Holy Ghost, there was great excitement in and around Jerusalem. Many who listened to the apostles became converted, and others were filled with hatred and the spirit of persecution.

Among the latter was a young Roman citizen named Saul, who believed not in our Lord nor in the teachings of the apostles. Saul went to the high priest and asked of him letters of authority to the synagogue of Damascus, that he might be permitted to arrest all the followers of Jesus, men or women, whom he might find in that vicinity.

The high priest gave such authority to Saul, and the young man departed for Damascus. As he journeyed along, he formed plans for the capture of those whom he believed were false leaders and teachers, and so eager was he to reach Damascus, that it seemed as if he would never see the gate which faced Jerusalem.

As he drew nigh to Damascus, and the walls of the city appeared along the horizon, suddenly a Light from heaven shone round about him, and he fell to the ground. Then he heard a Voice say: "Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me?"

And the Light, which at first only shone round about him, seemed to illuminate within, and he said: "Who art thou, Lord?"

The Voice answered: "I am Jesus whom thou persecutest."

Saul, trembling and astonished, said: "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?"

And the Lord answered: "Arise, go into the city, and there it shall be told thee what thou art to do."

The men who were with Saul were amazed, for they had heard the Voice, and had seen no man.

Saul rose from the ground, and when he tried to see, he found himself blind. His companions took him by the hand and led him to Damascus. There he remained for three days, in the darkness of blindness and without eating or drinking.

Now there was a certain disciple at Damascus, named Ananias, and the Lord said to him in a vision: "Ananias!"

"Behold I am here, Lord," answered Ananias.

And the Lord said: "Arise, and go into the street that is called 'Straight,' and seek in the house of Judas one named Saul of Tarsus, for behold he prayeth."

Ananias answered: "Lord, I have heard by many of this man, and of how much evil he hath done to thy saints in Jerusalem. He has obtained authority from the high priests to bind all that invoke thy name."

The Lord said to him: "Go thy way, for this man is to me a vessel of election, to carry my name before the gen-

tiles and the kings and the children of Israel. I will show him how great things he must suffer for my name's sake."

Ananias went out into the city to the street called "Straight" and found the house where was Saul. Going into the house and laying his hands upon Saul, he said: "Brother Saul, the Lord Jesus hath sent me. He appeared to thee on thy way as thou camest here, that thou mightst receive thy sight and be filled with the Holy Ghost."

Immediately sight was restored to Saul, as if scales fell from his eyes, and, rising up, he was baptized.

He remained with the disciples, in Damascus, for some days, then went forth to the synagogues to preach about Jesus, the Son of God.

All the rest of his life he devoted to the service of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the fame of his deeds have been a light to the world. After his conversion to Christianity he was called Paul, and the world honors him as St. Paul the Apostle.

* * *

To be occupied with good is the best defense against the inroads of evil. —*William Arnot.*

* * *

It is not what we earn, but what we save, that makes us rich. It is not what we eat, but what we digest, that makes us strong. It is not what we read, but what we remember, that makes us useful.

THE HERMIT

There once lived a hermit, who in a remote cave passed day and night in God's service. Not far from his cell there was a flock kept by a shepherd, who one day fell into a dead sleep, when a robber, seeing him careless, carried off his sheep. When the keeper awoke he began to swear in good set terms that he had lost his sheep; and where they had gone to he knew not. But the lord of the flock bade him be put to death. This gave to the hermit great offence. "O heaven," said he to himself, "seest thou this deed? The innocent suffers for the guilty. Why permittest thou such things? If thus injustice triumph why do I remain here? I will again enter the world and do as other men do."

And so he left his hermitage and went again into the world; but God willed not that he should be lost, an angel in the form of a man was sent to join him. And so, crossing the hermit's path, he said to him, "Whither bound, my friend?"

"I go," he said, "to yonder city."

"I will go with you," replied the angel; "I am a messenger from heaven, come to be your companion on the way."

So they walked on together to the city. When they had entered they begged for the love of God harborage during the night, at the house of a certain soldier, who received

them cheerfully and entertained them nobly. The soldier had an only and most dear son lying in the cradle. After supper their bed-chamber was sumptuously adorned for them; and the angel and the hermit went to rest. But about the middle of the night the angel rose and strangled the sleeping infant. The hermit, horror struck at what he witnessed, said within himself, "Never can this be an angel of God. The good soldier gave us everything that was necessary; he had but this poor innocent, and he is strangled." Yet he was afraid to reprove him.

In the morning both arose and went forward to another city, in which they were honorably entertained at the house of one of the inhabitants. This person had a rich gold cup, which he highly valued; and of which, during the night, the angel robbed him. But still the hermit held his peace, for great was his fear.

On the morrow they went forward; and as they walked they came to a certain river, over which was a bridge. They went on the bridge, and about midway a poor pilgrim met them. "My friend," said the angel to him, "show us the way to yonder city." The pilgrim turned, and pointed with his finger to the road they were to take; but as he turned back the angel seized him by the shoulders and hurled him into the stream below. At this the terror of the hermit became greater. "It is the devil," he said to himself, "it is the devil, and no good angel! What evil had the poor man done that he should be drowned?"

He would now have gladly gone alone; but was afraid

to speak his mind. About the hour of vespers they came to a city, in which they again sought shelter for the night; but the master of the house where they applied sharply refused it.

"For the love of heaven," said the angel, "give us shelter lest we fall a prey to the wolves."

The man pointed to a sty. "That," said he, "has pigs in it; if it please you to lie there you may, but to no other place will I admit you."

"If we can do no better," said the angel, "we must accept your ungracious offer." They did so, and next morning the angel, calling their host said, "My friend, I give you this cup;" and he gave him the gold cup he had stolen. The hermit, more and more amazed at what he saw, said to himself: "Now I am sure this is the devil. The good man who received us with all kindness he despoiled, and now he gives the plunder to this fellow who refused us a lodging."

Turning therefore to the angel he cried, "I will travel with you no more. I commend you to God."

"Dear friend," said the angel, "first hear me and then go thy way."

"When thou wert in thy hermitage the owner of the flock unjustly put to death his servant. True it is he died innocent, and therefore was in a fit state to enter another world. God permitted him to be slain, foreseeing that if he lived he would commit a sin and die before repentance followed. But the guilty man who stole the sheep will suffer eternally, while the owner of the flock will repair, by alms

and good works, that which he ignorantly committed. As for the son of the hospitable soldier whom I strangled in the cradle, know that before the boy was born he performed numerous works of charity and mercy; but afterward grew parsimonious and covetous in order to enrich the child of which he was inordinately fond. This was the cause of its death; and now its distressed parent is again become a devout Christian.

Then for the cup which I purloined from him who received us so kindly; know that before the cup was made, there was not a more abstemious person in the world; but afterward he took such pleasure in it, and drank from it so often that he was intoxicated twice or thrice during the day. I took away the cup, and he has returned to his former sobriety. Again I cast the pilgrim into the river; and know that he whom I drowned was a good Christian, but had he proceeded much further, he would have fallen into a mortal sin. Now he is saved and reigns in celestial glory. Then that I bestowed the cup upon the inhospitable citizen, know nothing is done without reason. He suffered us to occupy the swine-house and I gave him a valuable consideration. But he will hereafter reign in hell. Put a guard, therefore, on thy lips, and detract not from the Almighty, for He knoweth all things."

The hermit hearing this, fell at the feet of the angel and entreated pardon. He returned to his hermitage, and became a good and pious Christian.

CONNOR MAC-NESSA, ULSTER'S KING

MARY F. NIXON-ROULET

MARY F. NIXON-ROULET was born in Indianapolis, Indiana, but her early childhood was spent in Missouri. When she was ten years old the family removed to Delaware, where they resided until she was twenty. Her education was conducted by her father, a scholarly Protestant clergyman, and at nine she was studying French, Latin, and history, and reading Scott. At this early age her great ambition was to write an historical romance like some of Scott's. She had this idea long before the present-day historical novel was in existence. At the age of sixteen she published her first story in Godey's *Ladies' Book*, but she wrote nothing more for some years. Travel in Europe, Africa, and her own country, lessons in the languages, music, and art, and her social and home duties filled her life for many years.

While visiting her sister, Mrs. Isabel Nixon Whiteley, who had been a convert for several years, Miss Nixon became convinced of the truths of the Church, and was baptized on the Feast of Our Lady's Nativity. After her reception into the Church she took up literary work in earnest. Her articles are in demand. She has written for the leading papers of New York, Boston, and Chicago; but for the last few years she has confined herself to Catholic publications. Her works embrace fiction, poetry, travel, and art. For her first published book, "With a Pessimist in Spain," she received a letter of thanks from the Queen of Spain. Some of her published books are "Lasca and Other Stories"; "The Blue Lady's Knight"; "God, the King, my Brother"; "A Harp of Many Chords"; "St. Anthony in Art." Miss Nixon married, in 1900, Doctor Alfred Roulet, of St. Louis, and they reside in that city.

Loud roared the din of battle, fierce,
Bloody, and wild,
With Ulster men and Connaught men
The field was piled.

Connor Mac-Nessa, Ulster's King,
In the mad fray
Wounded to death and well-nigh spent
And dying lay.

A Druid came with healing balm
Of herb and leaf,
He poured it in the gaping wound,
To give relief.
The wound was healed, "Yet," said the leech,
"Beware, my Liege!
Of war's alarm or battle fray,
Sally or siege.

"No more o'er mere and fen with thee,
O noble king,
Brave Knight and Lady Fair will strive
For bittern's wing;
No more thou'lt ride thy prancing steed
After the doe,
No more thou'lt tilt at tourney brave
'Gainst gallant foe;

"No more for thee the glad hurrah
When foemen reel;
No more for thee the music wild
Of clashing steel;

No more for thee the gladsome noise
Of hunter's cry,
For thee no more the gay alarm
Of falconry.

"For thee the fireside's tranquil calm,
Lest sudden rift
Of wound break forth and cause thy death
In anguish swift!"
Quiet and calm, in war and peace,
No more to roam,
Connor Mac-Nessa, Ulster's King,
Abode at home.

One day, when woods were green and fair,
And hearts were light,
Swiftly the gleaming midday sun
Grew dark as night;
Black portents unto Erin fair
It seemed to bring.
"What means this, mighty Druid?" asked
The anxious king.

"Far, far away, across the sea,"
The Druid said,
"Jesu, the Christ, upon a cross
Bends low His head.

Their King upon the shameful tree,
With mocking cry,
And scornful gibe, the cruel Jews
Now crucify."

King Connor cried, "What crime has this
Man done, I pray?"
"But to be good were crime enough
For such as they,
My King," the answer came. "He was
To death enticed,
Then broke His tender, loving heart,
This fair, white Christ!"

A generous flush o'erspread his cheek,
Mac-Nessa sprang
Quick to his feet; his quivering voice
In anger rang.
"Ah! wicked deed! Ah! poor, white Christ!
They murder Thee!
Why didst Thou not unto the King
Of Erin flee?

"Thy battles he would fight to death,
Poor, guiltless One,
Ulster's great chieftain ne'er could see
Injustice done!"

Then dashed he from the hall and seized
With vigorous hand
His keen and sharp edged clevy—
A wondrous brand!

Under the turquoise sky, upon
The emerald turf,
His anger raged like foaming crest
Of frothy surf.
He hacked and hewed the giant trees
With his keen sword.
"Thus would I slay Thy foes, poor Christ,
With blood outpoured!"

Then quickly his forgotten wound
Sprung gaping wide.
He reeled and fell: "I go to Thee,
O Christ!" he sighed.
For the King Christ he loved unseen,
With flowers bespread,
Connor Mac-Nessa, Ulster's King
Lay cold and dead!

Sterne well said: "So-and-So is my friend, but Truth is my sister."

KING FREDERICK'S PAGE

One day Frederick, King of Prussia, rang his bell, and no one answering, he opened the door and found his page fast asleep. He was about to waken him when he perceived a letter hanging out of his pocket.

The king opened the letter and saw that it was from the young man's mother, thanking him for sending her so much of his wages, and assuring him that God would reward him because of his kindness to his parents.

The king returned quietly to his room, took a purse full of money, and slipped it into the pocket of his page. Then he rang the bell so loudly that he woke the page instantly.

"You have been sound asleep," said the king.

The page hung his head, knowing that he was at fault for sleeping when he ought to have been awaiting the commands of the king. In his embarrassment he put his hand into his pocket and drew out the money.

"What is the matter?" said the king as he noted how pale and frightened became the face of the boy.

"Ah, sire," said the page, throwing himself on his knees, "some one is trying to ruin me. I know nothing about this money; I never saw it before."

"Know you," said Frederick, "God loves those who love their parents. Send that money to your mother, and tell her for me that because my page has been good to his mother, I shall always be good to him."

DIONYSIUS AND HIS FRIENDS

About four hundred years before the birth of Christ there lived in the Greek city of Syracuse, in Sicily, a ruler named Dionysius. He was a man of great talent and learning, but suspicious and tyrannical.

It is said that in order to hear what his captives might say when confined in his chief prison, he had a room dug in a rock near the prison, and had the corridors and cells connected with this room so that he could hear all the conversations of the prisoners.

A friend of his named Damocles was once heard to express a wish that he might be in Dionysius' place for one day. Dionysius made him take his place for one day, and Damocles was at first much pleased to find that his chief duty for the time would be to preside at a grand banquet.

The tables were spread with the most delicious foods and decorated with beautiful flowers; but Damocles' joy was changed to grief when he found suspended above his head, during the whole day, a sword. The point almost touched the top of his head, and the only support was a single horsehair.

On another occasion Dionysius became suspicious of a man named Pythias and commanded that he should be put to death.

Pythias asked Dionysius to permit him to go home and see his family and friends and arrange about his property. He said he would lose no time in making his final arrangements, but would return to suffer death at the time specified.

The tyrant laughed at Pythias and said:

"Were I to allow you to go to your home, I fear I should never see you again. Who will answer for your return?"

Pythias said he had a friend who would answer for his return, and he motioned to a man standing near to approach.

Damon, who had heard the conversation, stepped to the side of his friend and offered to become responsible for his safe return, adding that if Pythias did not return at the time specified, he would suffer death in the place of his friend.

Dionysius was astonished, but he told Pythias he might go, and he ordered the guards to watch Damon closely.

Each day the guards reported to the tyrant that Damon did not express any uneasiness because of Pythias' absence, nor any regret for having offered himself as a surety for his friend. Damon said he was sure of the honor of Pythias, that if it were possible his friend would return, but that if any accident should hinder Pythias from arriving on time, he would be glad to die for one whom he loved so well.

The morning of the last day came and no Pythias was there. Damon showed no signs of grief or uneasiness. He offered many excuses for the delay of Pythias, claiming that storms or robbers might have detained his honorable friend.

The guards took Damon to the place of execution and

were about putting him to death when Pythias appeared, lovingly greeted his friend, and took his place ready to die.

Dionysius was more astonished than ever. He commanded the guards to set the prisoners free, and asked both to come with him to the palace.

For a few moments he was silent, looking first at one and then the other; then, placing his hand on a shoulder of each, he earnestly asked them to admit him as a member in their friendship.

* * *

A LEGEND OF BREGENZ

ADELAIDE A. PROCTER

Girt round with rugged mountains
  The fair Lake Constance lies;
In her blue heart reflected
  Shine back the starry skies;
And, watching each white cloudlet
  Float silently and slow,
You think a piece of Heaven
  Lies on our earth below!

Midnight is there, and Silence,
  Enthroned in Heaven, looks down
Upon her own calm mirror,
  Upon a sleeping town;

For Bregenz, that quaint city
Upon the Tyrol shore,
Has stood above Lake Constance
A thousand years and more.

Her battlements and towers,
From off their rocky steep,
Have cast their trembling shadow
For ages on the deep.
Mountain and lake and valley
A sacred legend know,
Of how the town was saved one night,
Three hundred years ago.

Far from her home and kindred,
A Tyrol maid had fled,
To serve in the Swiss valleys,
And toil for daily bread;
And every year that fleeted
So silently and fast,
Seemed to bear farther from her
The memory of the past.

She served kind, gentle masters,
Nor asked for rest or change;
Her friends seemed no more new ones,
Their speech seemed no more strange;

And when she led her cattle
To pasture every day,
She ceased to look and wonder
On which side Bregenz lay.

She spoke no more of Bregenz,
With longing and with tears;
Her Tyrol home seemed faded
In the deep mist of years.
She heeded not the rumors
Of Austrian war and strife;
Each day she rose contented,
To the calm toils of life.

Yet, when her master's children
Would clustering round her stand,
She sang them ancient ballads
Of her own native land;
And when at morn and evening
She knelt before God's throne,
The accents of her childhood
Rose to her lips alone.

And so she dwelt, the valley
More peaceful year by year;
When suddenly strange portents
Of some great deed seemed near.

The golden corn was bending
  Upon its fragile stalk,
While farmers, heedless of their fields,
  Paced up and down in talk.

The men seemed stern and altered,
  With looks cast on the ground;
With anxious faces, one by one,
  The women gathered round;
All talk of flax or spinning
  Or work was put away;
The very children seemed afraid
  To go alone to play.

One day, out in the meadow
  With strangers from the town,
Some secret plan discussing,
  The men walked up and down.
Yet now and then seemed watching,
  A strange uncertain gleam,
That looked like lances 'mid the trees
  That stood below the stream.

At eve they all assembled,
  Then care and doubt were fled;
With jovial laugh they feasted,
  The board was nobly spread.

The elder of the village
  Rose up, his glass in hand,
And cried: "We drink the downfall
  Of an accursed land!

"The night is growing darker;
  Ere one more day is flown,
Bregenz, our foeman's stronghold,
  Bregenz shall be our own!"
The women shrank in terror
  (Yet pride, too, had her part),
But one poor Tyrol maiden
  Felt death within her heart.

Before her stood fair Bregenz,
  Once more her towers arose.
What were the friends beside her?
  Only her country's foes!
The faces of her kinsfolk,
  The days of childhood flown,
The echoes of her mountains,
  Reclaimed her as their own!

Nothing she heard around her,
  Though shouts rang forth again;
Gone were the green Swiss valleys,
  The pasture, and the plain.

Before her eyes one vision,
And in her heart one cry
That said, "Go forth, save Bregenz,
And then, if need be, die!"

With trembling haste and breathless,
With noiseless step she sped;
Horses and weary cattle
Were standing in the shed.
She loosed the strong white charger,
That fed from out her hand,
She mounted, and she turned his head
Toward her own native land.

Out, out into the darkness,—
Faster, and still more fast,—
The smooth grass flies behind her,
The chestnut wood is past.
She looks up, clouds are heavy;
Why is her steed so slow?
Scarcely the wind beside them
Can pass them as they go.

"Faster!" she cries; "O faster!"
Eleven the church bells chime.
"O God!" she cries, "help Bregenz
And bring me there in time!"

But louder than bells ringing,
  Or lowing of the kine,
Grows nearer in the midnight
  The rushing of the Rhine.

Shall not the roaring waters
  Their headlong gallop check?
The steed draws back in terror,
  She leans upon his neck
To watch the flowing darkness;
  The bank is high and steep.
One pause—he staggers forward,
  And plunges in the deep.

Up the steep banks he bears her,
  And now they rush again
Toward the heights of Bregenz
  That tower above the plain.
They reach the gate of Bregenz
  Just as the midnight rings,
And out come serf and soldier
  To meet the news she brings.

Bregenz is saved! Ere daylight
  Her battlements are manned;
Defiance greets the army
  That marches on the land.

And if to deeds heroic
  Should endless fame be paid,
Bregenz does well to honor
  The noble Tyrol maid.

Three hundred years are vanished,
  And yet upon the hill
An old stone gateway rises,
  To do her honor still.
And there, when Bregenz women
  Sit spinning in the shade,
They see in quaint old carving
  The charger and the maid.

And when, to guard old Bregenz,
  By gateway, street, and tower,
The warder paces all night long
  And calls each passing hour;
"Nine," "ten," "eleven," he cries aloud,
  And then—O crown of fame!—
When midnight pauses in the skies,
  He calls the maiden's name!

LULLABY

ALFRED LORD TENNYSON

Sweet and low, sweet and low,
Wind of the western sea,
Low, low, breathe and blow,
Wind of the western sea!
Over the rolling waters go,
Come from the dying moon, and blow,
Blow him again to me;
While my little one, while my pretty one, sleeps.

Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,
Father will come to thee soon;
Rest, rest on thy mother's breast,
Father will come to thee soon;
Father will come to his babe in the nest,
Silver sails all out of the west
Under the silver moon:
Sleep, my little one, sleep my pretty one, sleep.

* * *

People who live in glass houses must not throw stones.

PRONOUNCING VOCABULARY

KEY: at, māte, făr, ạll, fâst, cāre, finạl; met, mēte, hẽr; it, pīne, bĭrd; on, nōte, mŏve; up, mūte, fụll; fo͝ot, fo͝od; city, mў.

Abdenago	ab-den′-ȧ-go	Esteban	es-te′-ban
Ananias	an-ȧ-nī′-ȧs	Ethan	ē′-thạn
Anthony	an′-to-ny	Etheric	eth′-ẽr-ic
Arabia	ȧ-rā′-bĭ-ạ	Euphrates	ū-frā′-tēz
Auvergne	ō-vȧ̃rn	Gabriel	gā′-bri-el
Azarias	az′-a-rī′-as	Galilean	gal′-i-lē′an
Babylon	bab′-y-lon	Galilee	gal′-i-lē
Balthazzar	bal-shā′-zăr	Gessler	gẽs′-ler
Baptiste	bă-tēst′	Gregori	grē-gō′-ri
Bartolomé	bär-tō-lō-mā′	Gretchen	gret′-chen
Bethlehem	beth′-lẹ-hem	Haarlem	hăr′-lem
Bonaparte	bo′-nạ-pärt	Israel	is′-rạ-el
Bradley	brad′-li	Jehovah	je-hō′-vạ
Bregenz	brē-′genz	Jerome	jẽr′-ọm
Burgoyne	bẽr-goin′	Joachim	jō′-ȧ-kim
Cæsar	see′-zăr	Juda	jū′-dạ
Canaan	kā′-nạn	Judea	jū-dē′-ạ
Cappadocia	kap-pạ-dō′-shẹ-ạ	Louvre	lo͝ō′-vẽr
Carmel	kär′-mẹl	Ludwig	lo͝od′-wig
Constance	kon′-stạns	Macarius	mā-kā′-rē-us
Cowper	kow′-pẽr	Madrid	mạ-drid′
Curtius	ko͝or′-tse-ŏs	Magdalene	mag′-dạ-lēn
Cyrene	cў-rē′-nẹ	Melchior	mel′-chē-or
Daire	dār	Mesopotamia	mes′-ō-pọ-tā′-mi-ạ
Damascus	dạ-mas′-kus	Messias	mes-si′-as
Damocles	dam′-ō-cl̤es	Miriam	mĭr′-i-am
Damon	dā′-mọn	Misach	mī′-zak
Daniel	dan′-yel	Misael	mis′-ạ-el
Darius	dȧ-rī′-us	Molokai	mō-lō-kī′
Elamites	ē′-lam-ītes	Montcalm	mont-kăm′

Murillo	moo-ree′-lyo
Nabuchodonosor	nab′-ụ-ko-don′-o-sōr
Nazareth	naz′-a-reth
Olympic	ō-lim′-pik
O'Meara	ō-mä′-rạ
Oswald	os′-wäld
Padua	pad′-ū-ạ
Pamphilia	pam-fil′-i-ạ
Parthian	pär′-thi-an
Persian	pēr′-shi-an
Phasga (Pisga)	faz′-gạ (piz′ gạ)
Phrygia	fri′-gi-ạ
Pierpont	peer′ pont
Pocahontas	pō-kạ-hon′-tạs
Pontus	pon′-tus
Phythias (Pytheas)	pith′-ē-ạs
Raphael	raf′-ạ-el
Rhine	Rīn
Rodriguez	ro-dree′-geth
Selkirkshire	sel′-kirk-shēr
Seville	sev′-il
Sicily	sis′-i-li
Sidrach	sī′-drak
Syracuse	sīr′-ạ-kūs
Syriac	sīr′-i ak
Thames	tĕms
Ticonderoga	tī-kon-dēr-ō′-gạ
Valentia	vä-len′-she-ạ
Van der Lyn	van′-dĕr-lin
Velasquez	vā-lās′-keth
Vianny	vē-ä-ni′
Waterloo	wạ′-tēr-lo͞o
Westmorland	west′-mọr-land
Winchester	win′-ches-tēr